

THE LISTENER, JANUARY 29, 1959. Vol. LXI. No. 1557.

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PRICE 15c

# The Listener

Published weekly by the British Broadcasting Corporation, London, England



A carving among the temples at Mahabalipuram, Madras State, which the Duke of Edinburgh is visiting during his world tour

**The Making of Scientists**  
(F. A. Vick)

**Robert Burns Reassessed**  
(David Daiches)

**Wagner at Bayreuth**  
(Martin Cooper)

**Robespierre 'the Incorruptible'**  
(M. G. Hutt)

**Hungry Sheep Unfed**  
(Osbert Lancaster)

**The Yellow Girl**  
(Dame Edith Sitwell)





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# The Listener

Vol. LXI. No. 1557

Thursday January 29 1959

REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O.  
AS A NEWSPAPER

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## The Making of Scientists

F. A. VICK on an imaginative adventure of the mind

SCIENCE is an imaginative adventure of the mind seeking truth in a world of mystery' I have often used this quotation from a talk by Sir Cyril Hinshelwood, and yet I find it one of the tragedies of modern education that so many intelligent people have gained from their schooling a different view of science; the notion that physics is just the collection of facts such as that the density of marble is 2.7 grams per c.c., and of formulae like kinetic energy equals  $\frac{1}{2}mv^2$ ; that botany is merely the classification of plants, and that chemistry is either the creation of smells and smoke or listing the preparation and properties of compounds. There is a vague generalized consciousness that science has contributed much to the pattern of modern life: television and 'hi-fi', plastics and penicillin, atomic energy and automation, rockets and satellites, and so on. But these, if thought about at all, are more often considered to be just the products of technology and engineering. There is little understanding of how much these developments have depended on principles and concepts created in the minds of scientists; and I mean *created*.

Never before has it been so important that everyone capable of playing a part in the affairs of the country should have an understanding of the nature, scope, and limitations of science. In the sense that the enlarged sixth forms of the grammar and public schools contain an increasing proportion of boys and girls studying science for the advanced level of the General Certificate of Education, our schools have responded magnificently to the call for increased numbers of scientists and technologists. But it is my experience that many of those who have passed these

examinations have a view of science very different from that expressed by Hinshelwood. This is not, as is sometimes said, just because of the limitations of the advanced level syllabuses.

The arts sixth former who has perhaps 'done' a little science to 'ordinary level' often acquires a very dim view of science, as though it were seen through grey-tinted spectacles that introduce astigmatism and myopia. He naturally averts his gaze and turns to what he considers to be a different world, illuminated by the poets and other creative and imaginative writers. How can we convince him, and indeed the products of the science sixths, that science needs just as much imagination and insight as any other creative activity of the human mind?

Consider this statement:

... all experience is an arch wherethro'  
Gleams that untravelled world, whose margin fades  
For ever and for ever when I move.

And this one:

Every body continues in its state of rest or of uniform motion in a straight line unless it is caused by an external force to change that state.

When we read Tennyson's statement we say 'how true!' Through the eye of the poet we look at some things differently, we may be moved, we may understand much better than before. We appreciate the beauty of the language. Moreover, on reading some poems we may experience a revelation altering our whole outlook. In his delightful autobiography *Over the Bridge*, Richard Church describes 'a sense of something opening, as it were a parting of the clouds', when he read as a boy one of Keats's



poems. In a similar way, for many, Newton's statement has cleared away mists, sometimes at once, sometimes only gradually, for in science the light of understanding can be seen clearly only by a prepared mind already striving to seek the truth.

The statement ended a long period of groping and stumbling and illuminated the path ahead so clearly that it has been converted into a broad highway by the steps of Newton's followers. The facts before Newton were available to educated men of his day. The problems of motion had intrigued men's minds for over 2,000 years, and for most of this long period the ideas of Aristotle and his followers were dominant, for they appeared to be supported by observation and common sense. But difficulties arose from attempts to reconcile quantitative deductions from these ideas with measurements on, for example, falling bodies, and by the end of the fourteenth century a few natural philosophers were questioning the authority of Aristotle.

These questionings came to fruition in the experiments of Galileo, a contemporary of Shakespeare. His work was of the greatest importance, especially his revival of an experimental and analytical approach and his concept of acceleration, but on the whole his study of motion was concerned with particular cases like projectiles. Newton's statement, on the other hand, represents a leap forward in insight and imagination, a great generalization not at all obvious from observation of moving objects. It includes the idea of force and of inertia, and paves the way to the measurement of force by the measurement of changes of motion. From the statement, made about 1687 and now called Newton's first law of motion, it is evident that for a planet to move in a nearly circular (or elliptical) path there must be a force acting continuously upon it, otherwise it would move in a straight line for ever.

### Achievements Requiring Poetic Insight

This is a complete break-away from ideas inherited from the Greeks. Inquiry about the nature of that force led Newton to another remarkable generalization, his universal law of gravitation, that links together in one simple statement the attraction of falling bodies to the earth, of planets to the sun, of the components of the distant nebulae to each other. The simplicity and universality of such statements carry with them a certain beauty, like the shape of a Greek vase or a Georgian arrangement of windows. They give us an insight into the workings of Nature that enables us to make predictions and to erect a whole new edifice in the world of science. Remember that these statements, these laws, formulated by Newton are not just collections of facts; they were not immediately made evident by observation or experiment; they are achievements of the human imagination and insight hardly equalled by any poet.

Newton's first law illustrates another point, that the physical sciences are based on an act of faith. 'Every body continues . . .'. This can never be proved. It is inconceivable that scientists will ever be able to observe the motions of every body in the universe, yet people like me dedicate their lives to physics in the faith that in similar circumstances all matter of a given kind behaves in the same way, always has done, and always will do. Like all faiths, this one is strengthened by experience, in the light of which we venture forth into the untravelled world.

Consider now J. J. Thomson's experiments in 1897. Following up previous work on the discharge of electricity through gases, he had devised what we now call a cathode-ray tube, a forerunner of the tubes on the ends of which our television pictures appear. He observed the effects of electric and magnetic fields on the movement of a spot of light on the screen at the end of the tube. He tried different gases in the tube and different metals for the electrodes. He found that his observations could be most simply related together and made into a coherent whole by introducing the concept of a tiny particle of negative electricity, with a mass little more than one two-thousandth of the mass of the lightest atom, hydrogen.

This particle he originally called a negative corpuscle, but it is now known as the electron. He imagined the observed spot of light to be due to the impact of a stream of these electrons moving at high speed from the other end of the tube. Notice I said *imagined*. What he *saw* was a spot of light, not a stream of electrons. An electron is a theoretical concept. Its introduction brought

a new order into physics, made plain relationships hitherto unsuspected. Together with other 'discoveries' in that remarkable decade 1895 to 1905 it altered the whole outlook of physics in a way that philosophers are still trying to understand. It led to the creation of a new branch of science, electronics, and the development of one of the chief industries of this country.

### Familiar Theoretical Concepts

If we look carefully at science we see that it is full of these theoretical concepts, these creations of the human mind. Some of them, like acceleration, energy, and the nuclear atom, have become so familiar that we now hardly realize that they were originally introduced as completely new concepts not directly observed. It is these concepts that enable us to generalize and to perceive relationships between apparently isolated facts. Some concepts, especially in physics, are so abstract that we are impeded if we try to visualize them in terms of mechanical models. Yet they are essential in deepening an understanding of the material world, of the whole universe. Without them the development of satellites, television, and atomic power stations would have been if not impossible at least long delayed.

Science is an imaginative adventure of the mind. But the imagination must not be uncontrolled. Always there must be recourse to observation and experiment to determine whether indeed our concepts, our new relationships, our interpretation of behaviour, are leading us towards the truth that we seek. Many will be the disappointments, and we learn humility when confronted with the workings of nature, but our experience builds an arch through which we see ahead more clearly. Our progress in the untravelled world is hardly ever direct, or smooth, or unimpeded. For advances in science are normally made by tortuous paths with occasional leaps ahead, made possible by the imagination of a prepared mind, by new observations, or by the use of new tools forged by advances in techniques. All this must be made plain to our sixth formers, for they will not find it in their textbooks. Towards the end of his life, Helmholtz, a nineteenth-century physicist, wrote:

I am fain to compare myself with a wanderer who, not knowing the path, climbs slowly and painfully upwards and often has to retrace his steps because he can go no further—then, whether by taking thought or from luck, discovers a new track that leads him on a little till at length when he reaches the summit he finds to his shame that there is a royal road, by which he might have ascended, had he only had the wits to find the right approach to it. In my works I naturally said nothing about my mistakes to the reader, but only described the made track by which he may reach the same heights without difficulty.

Most textbooks naturally describe only the royal road. This being so, it is all the more unfortunate that some descriptions of the so-called scientific method may lead one to believe that it is a mechanical process by which we need only to put forward hypotheses, design and carry out experiments, and out will pop the answer.

### Scientific Exploration

Nothing could be further from the truth, for scientific investigation is an art. One does not make a scientist just by training him in all the techniques, any more than a close study of Prout's *Harmony* will of itself produce a composer. So our science sixth former who wishes to become something more than a technician must have his imagination stimulated, must have his curiosity reawakened, must be ready to undertake adventures of the mind that will make as many or more demands of him than the adventures leading to the Duke of Edinburgh's award. He must learn and practise the elementary techniques of scientific exploration in preparation for the more exacting ones to follow. He must study deeply the discoveries of previous travellers, not only because he will need the knowledge but also to stretch and toughen his mind. He must not travel with blinkers on but must combine depth with breadth so as better to be able to navigate. Far more is demanded than a knowledge of the advanced-level syllabus, though much of what is required may be imparted while studying the syllabus.

(continued on page 215)



# Were Those the Days?

By the Rt. Hon. VISCOUNT TEMPLEWOOD

**M**Y political life began so long ago that I regard it as very ancient history. I am interested in it, but dispassionately. This is how I see some of it after fifty years.

The background is of a quiet family life that had continued unbroken for two and a half centuries. My father, the fifth Samuel Hoare in succession, was the first member of the family to go into politics when he sold the family bank to Lloyds in 1884, and shortly afterwards became Conservative member for Norwich. He liked the House of Commons, and the House of Commons liked him. Indeed, there was no private member in greater request for Committees and Royal Commissions. It was no doubt his satisfaction with the life at Westminster that made him encourage me to enter politics as soon as I left Oxford in 1903, and to make them my career.

My first introduction was via the Colonial Office, where I became one of Alfred Lyttelton's private secretaries. A Test Match cricketer, a champion tennis player and a social star, he was the central figure in many worlds. The Colonial Office, although it had been stirred to its depths by Joseph Chamberlain, still ran on traditional lines. Amongst the old men at the top were several queer characters. One of them, finding that his mind worked better on horseback, had a saddle installed in his room upon which he always sat to do his work.

I have a vivid memory of a scene in the House of Commons when I was sitting under the gallery with Lyttelton's papers, and Winston Churchill made such an uproar that the Speaker had to adjourn the sitting before the Colonial Secretary could even start his speech. The House was in a state of hysteria over Chinese labour in South Africa.

When the 1906 election followed shortly after, I stood as one of the Conservative candidates for what was then the double member seat of Ipswich. My father was able to give me the best possible advice about East Anglian electioneering. I remember his telling me that I should never be accepted as a Conservative candidate if I did not wear a frock coat and a high hat at the adoption meeting. I bought a frock coat at once, and it did service for me for many years afterwards, particularly when I became a Minister, and a frock coat was necessary for all royal audiences. Clothes counted for a good deal in those days.

Ipswich, the 'Eatan-swill' of Dickens, had not lost its traditional flavour. As the Conservative candidate, I became a hieratic figure, constantly wearing my high hat and frock coat, adorned with a huge blue

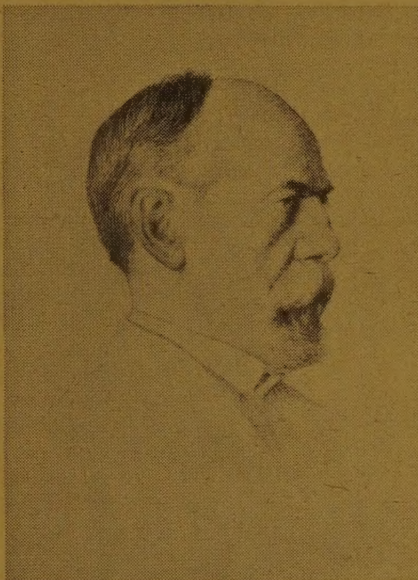
bow, and driving about the town in the family carriage with a footman on the box. This ritual lasted until the night before the poll, when I led a shouting procession through the streets to Pickwick's White Horse Inn, and tried in vain to make myself heard from the balcony.

The staffs of the rival armies had for weeks been watching and planning every move in the campaign. Their tricks and devices had been so ingenious that it looked at one time as if there would be no election at all. In those days a general election went on for three or four weeks, and there was consequently a choice of several days for the poll. In Ipswich the Conservatives demanded a Saturday, and the Liberals a Monday. The Conservatives objected to a Monday because the voters would be influenced by the Sunday sermons in the Nonconformist chapels, the Liberals objected to a Saturday because the power of the public houses was then at its height. Eventually both sides agreed on a particular Friday, although it was a day sooner than it should have been, and it was doubtful whether the writ could arrive in time. The writ actually arrived in the middle of the night, and the Ipswich poll was a day ahead of all the other polls in the country. When I heard that I had been beaten by 1,700 votes, I thought that the end of the world had come, but when the Conservative Party was almost swept away in the next few weeks, I felt that I had not done so badly after all.

Then, with many other defeated Conservatives, I went into the London County Council, at that time a comparatively new body. I soon became chairman of two important committees, the Fire Brigade and Higher Education. In each case it was a turning point in their history. In the Fire Brigade Committee, the battle had just been joined between the champions of the white horses that dragged the fire engines, and the revolutionaries who wanted motors. In the Higher Education Committee, the little that then existed of secondary and higher education in

London had only recently been taken over by the Council, and its organization needed to be started from almost zero.

It was on the Higher Education Committee that I first saw in action the art, I would almost call it the science, of committee work. Alone of the members, Sidney Webb knew exactly what he wanted, and, what was equally necessary, he knew how to get it. Although he and his friends were in a small minority, he scarcely ever failed to have his way. Not that he dominated the proceedings—nothing was less dominating than his method



Sir Charles W. Dilke: a drawing by W. Strang in 1908



Upper Church Street, Chelsea, in 1900, when Chelsea was still 'the village'



—but that knowing his subject from end to end, he was able by sweet though very persistent reasonableness to convince us all that there really was no alternative to his very sensible conclusions. Since then, I have always regarded him as the Grand Master of all committees. In complete contrast, Susan Lawrence, then an extreme Conservative, adopted the opposite plan. Very able, very logical, and completely courageous, she hit an opponent's head whenever she saw one.

As the House of Commons, not the L.C.C., was my real destination, in my search for a constituency I approached Chelsea. Chelsea was still 'the village'. It lived its own life, it despised its neighbours, and it was very proud of its traditions. The squire was the fifth Lord Cadogan, the heir to the Sloane property and a former Cabinet Minister, who lived in great style in Chelsea House. Amongst his Chelsea activities, as President of the Conservative Association, he was chiefly responsible for the selection of a Conservative candidate. No one in Chelsea dreamed at that time of asking the Conservative Central Office for a list of names. All that I needed was Lord Cadogan's support, and this I obtained through the friendly intervention of Edward Cadogan, one of his sons and a friend of mine at Oxford.

As soon as I was chosen as candidate, I was faced with many troubles. Although the Conservatives had captured the seat at the time of the Dilke scandal, they had since lost it, and the party was in a very bad way in the borough. Tariff Reform had broken the united front, and, to add to my worries, the Conservative agent had recently run off with the till and left a large debt on the association's funds, whilst Kensal Town, the detached part of the constituency, was in open rebellion against the Conservative Office in the King's Road.

It was at this moment that Providence intervened on my behalf. For shortly after my adoption I married a wife who at once pulled the constituency together, and turned it into a safe seat that became safer in every subsequent election. Her greatest achievement was the start of a Conservative women's organization. Although women considerably outnumbered men in the borough and were on the point of getting the vote, the very idea of equal partnership with them horrified the older members of the Conservative Association. However, by tact and determination she gradually broke down the iron curtain and mobilized the women into a united Conservative front. There was no time to be lost, as within three months of our marriage I had to fight the first of the two elections of 1910.

A Chelsea election was then an exciting affair. The Eleusis Club, created by Dilke for radical and republican propaganda, was still full of fight. One of its activities was the breaking up of my meetings. Often no speaker was allowed to say a word. Fortunately the sound and fury signified nothing, and I was elected by a large majority.

I soon found the House of Commons almost as excitable as my Chelsea meetings. Party feeling had never been more bitter, the Liberals were out for revenge against the House of Lords, and the Conservatives were savage over Home Rule and the Parliament Bill. I took my seat at a dramatic moment. I was in the queue for taking the oath when an attendant asked me to let an invalid chair pass up to the table. In it was Joseph Chamberlain, bent double and shrunken, making his last appearance in the House, with Austen at his side to sign the roll on behalf of his father.

I was to have other contacts with the past. As member for Chelsea, I naturally looked for Dilke, one of my predecessors and now member for the Forest of Dean. There he sat, on the seat below the gangway nearest to the Government bench, solitary, self-centred, and as isolated from his own party as he was from

ours. When he spoke, for all his encyclopaedic knowledge, he made no impression on the House. A disembodied ghost from the past, he did no more than remind members of his broken career and a great scandal.

Very different was the full-blooded and expansive tory who sat almost opposite to him. This was Henry Chaplin, the last of the Regency squires. When he rose to ask a question, even if it was only about the business of the House, it was a lesson in majestic deportment. With a flourish of his high hat, and leaning on his stick, he would put his single eyeglass into his eye and make his point in a deep and dramatic voice. Then, having received his answer, he would with equal dignity resume his seat, where, being very large, he overlaid his smaller colleagues.

If Dilke reminded me of the omnipotence of the Nonconformist conscience in 1885, Henry Chaplin took me back further, to the snowstorm on Derby Day, to 'Hermit's' victory, and the ruin of the Marquis of Hastings, his rival on the turf.

For a young member, the House of Commons of 1910 was a frightening place. The Conservative Whips' room was run like the orderly room of a Guards regiment. Acland Hood, the Chief Whip, known as 'The Pink 'Un', was determined that his men should parade in full strength and that there should be no talking in the ranks. The new members were there to vote and not to speak, and there were no helps for them like the Back Bench Committees of today.

In contrast to this Spartan rigidity, there were many opportunities for a pleasant social life outside the House. The House adjourned every evening for an hour and a half for what was called 'The Speaker's Chop'. Almost all the members took the opportunity to go off to dine at home or with their friends. Towards ten o'clock they would return, white-tied, white-waistcoated, and stimulated by a good dinner, to applaud the two gladiators when, in the grand manner, they wound up the debate from the two front benches.

There were also Wednesday evenings that, being reserved for private members' business, were also reserved for private dinner parties. Never once did we meet a

Liberal at any of these dinners. The political *apartheid* was all the more remarkable as most of the Liberal members were much as we were. They had been at the same schools and universities, and we shared with them many of the same tastes. None the less, there was no fraternizing between the rival armies. When one of our Conservative M.P. friends accepted an invitation to lunch with the Asquiths we were terribly shocked at what seemed to us a veritable act of treachery.

I have purposely said nothing about the high politics of these years, nor have I made comparisons between the past and the present. I will only say that I am glad to have been a member of two Parliaments before the first world war. The leaders of those days seemed to me great men. Perhaps they were not as great as I thought. Perhaps, also, the leaders of today are not as inferior to their predecessors as some of the old believers imagine. I do not take sides. I will not spoil my story by trying to turn it into a moral tale.—*Home Service*



Henry Chaplin, 1st Viscount (1840-1923): a cartoon (of 1875) by 'Ape'

National Portrait Gallery

Recent books on history and politics are: *A Second Jacobean Journal 1607-1610*, by G. B. Harrison (Routledge and Kegan Paul, 30s.); *The Cardinal King*, by Brian Fothergill (Faber, 30s.); *The Small German Courts in the 18th Century*, by Adrian Fauchier-Magnan (Methuen, 32s.); *Napoleon and Mlle George*, by Edith Saunders (Longmans, 21s.); *King Mob: the Story of Lord George Gordon and the Riots of 1780*, by Christopher Hibbert (Longmans, 21s.); *Communism and Social Democracy 1914-1931*, by G. D. H. Cole (Macmillan, 2 vols. 70s. net); and *Robert Boyle and Seventeenth-Century Chemistry*, by Marie Boas (Cambridge, 30s.).



# Religious Believers in Soviet Russia

By WALTER KOLARZ

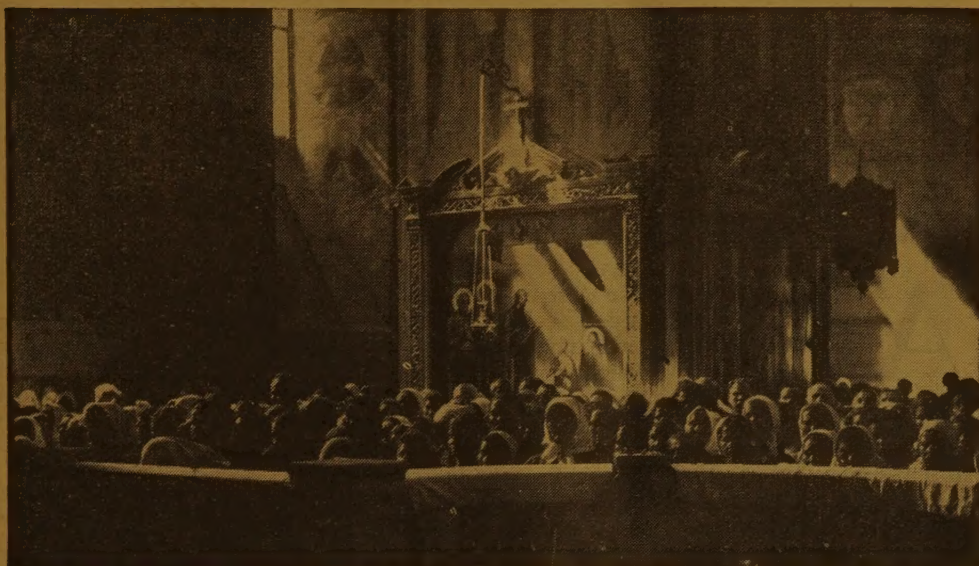
THE Soviet census which has taken place this month will supply extensive data about the size of Russia's population, the degree of its education, and its social and ethnic composition. But on one point the census will fail to produce clarification: the number of religious believers in the U.S.S.R. The absence of any reference to a person's religious belief in the fifteen columns of the census questionnaire is officially explained by the fact that religion in the U.S.S.R. is the private affair of each citizen. Religion is, therefore, of no concern to the state and there was no place for it in the census. The Soviet authorities have not always taken this attitude. In the census held in 1937, for instance, the peoples of the Soviet Union were specially asked to declare whether they were believers or non-believers. The majority expressed their allegiance to religious beliefs. This, incidentally, was one of the reasons why the Kremlin decided to scrap the 1937 census returns and to arrest the organizers of the census as alleged saboteurs. Two years later, in 1939, another census was held on the basis of a new questionnaire from which any mention of religion was carefully deleted.

Over a year ago the Soviet journal *Science and Life* (*Nauka i Zhizn*) which specializes, among other things, in atheist propaganda, said that in 1935 there were at least 50,000,000 people in Russia who could be regarded as 'unbelievers'. This was then one-third of the entire population of the U.S.S.R. Since then, said the journal, atheism has grown further and religion has survived only among a section of the people. More recently, the question about the number of believers came up during a brains trust which Moscow radio arranged for the benefit of its North American listeners (December 27, 1958). One brains trust member made the sweeping statement that the bulk of the people had broken with religion and religious organizations, and another said, somewhat more cautiously, that the majority are atheists.

It would seem that the question about the number of believers and atheists in Russia is one about which no really precise information can ever be given. Statistics can only disclose the number of people who openly adhere to this or that organized religious body or who regularly practise religious rites. Even such statistics are in Russia not easily available, particularly not with regard to the largest community, the Russian Orthodox Church. Some of the smaller groups, it is true, know their membership more or less accurately. Thus the Lutheran Church of Estonia claims 700,000 active members, that of Latvia 600,000, and the Baptist congregations all over Russia have at least 550,000 baptized members and, according to their own estimate, about 3,000,000 sympathizers.

The strength of the active membership of the Russian Orthodox Church can be gathered only approximately from the sale of votive candles, which all practising Orthodox Christians buy and burn. On the basis of sales of candles it is reckoned that there are between 20,000,000 and 30,000,000 practising members of the Orthodox Church. Even if one assumed that the lower estimate was the correct one it would mean that for every organized member of the party there are three practising Orthodox Christians.

However, it would be wrong to assume that the membership of the Soviet Communist Party consists of staunch atheists only. It has been known for a long time that this is not the case.



Part of the congregation in the cathedral at Zagorsk, about forty miles north-east of Moscow  
J. Allan Cash

A few weeks ago the journal *Party Life* (No. 22, 1958)—an official organ of the Soviet Communist Central Committee—complained about party members, and even party functionaries, who participate in religious rites. For instance, *Party Life* denounced a local party secretary in the Pskov Province for having his children baptized and maintaining friendly relations with the priest. *Party Life* also took to task a local *Komsomol* secretary in the same locality for getting married in church.

Although there may not be a large number of Communists who practise religion in one way or another, many of their family members certainly do. The journal *Party Life* asks, most appropriately, whom can a Communist convince of the 'absurdity of religious dogmas' if he cannot even convince a member of his own family? Communist Party headquarters would probably not be so upset about religious survivals in Communist families if this phenomenon were confined to certain backward rural areas. But religious believers have also crept into higher Communist society, and even into Communist military circles. This was revealed in the newspaper *Red Star*—the organ of the Soviet Ministry of Defence—which, on December 28, 1958, printed a fascinating report, entitled 'Christ's worshippers in a garrison town'.

The report said, in substance, that in a garrison town there existed a Baptist organization boasting among its members wives of Soviet officers on active service. Two of them were singled out for special attack—one was the wife of a major, and the second was married to a colonel. Both officers were apparently party members. In all probability, the authorities discovered similar 'scandals' elsewhere; otherwise the Political Administration of the Soviet Army and Navy might hardly have summoned a special conference on atheist propaganda in the armed forces. This conference took place in Moscow at the end of December. Its participants were urged to extend anti-religious propaganda in future 'to all categories of military persons and their families'.

So all the available evidence indicates that there are many millions of believers in Russia. Certainly it is not possible to give any precise numbers, but the Kremlin will find it equally impossible to state how many real Communists there are in the country, namely how many totally uncompromising champions there are of the materialist philosophy. Even the families of Communists and even some party members themselves cannot be fully relied upon, from the ideological point of view. This must be a sobering thought for the leadership of the Soviet Communist Party.

—European Services



# The Listener

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The yearly subscription rate to THE LISTENER, U.S. and Canadian edition is \$7.50, including postage; special rate for two years \$12.50; for three years \$17.00. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, England, or to usual agents. Entered as second-class mailing matter at the Post Office, New York, N.Y. Trade distributors within U.S.A., Eastern News Company, New York 14, N.Y. All communications (including letters for publication and poems which may be submitted accompanied by stamped addressed envelope) should be sent to the Editor at 35, Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, England.

## A Poet's Birthday

**A**NNIVERSARIES are the more worth celebrating if their subject is of real significance. Few modern students of the world's poetry would minimize the importance of Robert Burns, the Scottish poet who was born 200 years ago last Sunday. Within Scotland, Burns has strong claims to be considered her greatest national poet. That he is more than this can be measured by looking at the amount of space devoted to Burns in the standard histories of 'English' literature. Indeed, in one of those written after the first world war, the author of the chapter on Burns went so far as to declare that: 'In English literature, Burns is a kind of anomaly. He defies classification'.

In a broadcast to Europe, which we print today, Dr. Daiches quotes some of Burns's poetry and speaks about his place in the Scottish tradition as heir in technique and feeling of writers like Ramsay and Fergusson. Elsewhere, Dr. Daiches has pointed out how Burns continued the heritage from earlier centuries of poets such as Robert Henryson or William Dunbar. But some of Burns's contemporaries and some historians since have revered Burns either as a social rebel or as a peasant poet. One group has seen him as a revolutionary figure: a spokesman for the 'have-nots' in Scotland as much as Christopher Wyvill was in Yorkshire or Tom Paine in Europe generally. Although Burns was born in the 'Year '59' the United Kingdom's year of military and naval victories and imperial triumph over the French, his youth coincided with the American revolution and his maturity with the French. While this group of admirers lays stress on those poems in which Burns vividly describes the treatment of 'poor tenant bodies' by rich eighteenth-century landlords, another group has always considered him as primarily a realistic portrayer of humble Scottish folk. To them he is a kind of genre-painter in words—but with more of the touch of some country artist like George Morland rather than the Chiswick House drawing-room manner of Alexander Pope.

The truth is that Robert Burns must be considered above all as a poet. In 1786, at a time of high crisis in his life, he staked everything on his poetry. His love Mary Campbell had just died. His farm was not prospering. Jean Armour, the girl he married, had just borne him twins out of wedlock because of her father's opposition to the match. Yet he went off to the nearby town of Kilmarnock and saw through the press the first volume of poems which made him famous. Reading through these today in the newly published Alloway Bicentenary Edition\*, the reader is likely to be struck by the purity of inspiration which they contain. Burns had a feeling for nature which was different from that of Pope, although it derived something from him. He looked forward rather to Wordsworth and the nature poets of the next generation. Pope, when he was translating a piece of Chaucer as a young man, once used the phrase 'studied men, their manners, and their ways'. In 1783 Burns quoted these words in a letter. He declared that the joy of his heart was this study; for it, he said, 'I cheerfully sacrifice every other consideration'. Lovers of poetry have been rewarded by this zeal. Today Robert Burns's poems are worth the slight extra effort which is always required when a writer has employed some dialect words, of which it is necessary to look up the meaning in a glossary at the end of the book.

\* Burns, *Poems and Selected Letters*, edited by Anthony Hepburn, Collins, 21s.

## What They Are Saying

Mr. Mikoyan's visit to the United States

A PROMINENT THEME in broadcasts from the Communist world last week was that Mr. Mikoyan's visit to the United States had shown that the American people wanted an end of the cold war, that American business men knew they would profit by trade with the East, but that the American Government persisted in its rigid policy. On his return to Moscow, Mr. Mikoyan called for talks between East and West on the future of Berlin, and said that, more important than the question of a six months' deadline, was to get talks going.

The United States State Department welcomed this statement by Mr. Mikoyan, and added that he was told in Washington that Berlin could not be treated in isolation; there was an urgent need for a serious approach to the problems of Germany and European Security. The *New York Times* was quoted as saying:

Both the extreme hopes and the extreme fears generated by the prospect of Mr. Mikoyan's visit have been disappointed. Those who thought he was coming here with a major concession which would end the Berlin crisis have found that he came empty handed. Those who feared he would be clever enough to seduce the U.S. Government into bilateral talks with Moscow at the expense of our allies, and without their knowledge, can breathe more easily.

The *New York Herald Tribune* thought Mr. Mikoyan had been enabled to take home with him at least one concrete impression—that the West does not propose to be forced out of Berlin, and that the United States is strong and essentially united. As for the Soviet proposals for a neutralized Germany, this newspaper was quoted as saying:

Deprived of Nato guarantees and support, this Germany would be flanked on the East by a bloc of Communist states, taking orders from Moscow and awed by the tragic example of Hungary and the proximity of many Soviet armoured divisions. That is the harsh reality covered by the apparent 'flexibility' that Mr. Mikoyan has displayed in speeches and talks in the United States.

The Swiss newspaper, *Neue Zuercher Zeitung* saw in the Soviet attitude to America 'deep contradictions': Moscow's interests were forcing on Mr. Khrushchev a policy of seeking a temporary arrangement based on the *status quo*, so that the Eastern bloc could be consolidated and the second Soviet industrial revolution proceed undisturbed. The newspaper was quoted as saying:

In his speeches Mr. Khrushchev has repeatedly pointed to the American 'know-how' which must be applied in the Soviet Union. But Mr. Khrushchev's propagandists will encounter considerable difficulties if they have to expound such slogans to the public, for the U.S. is regarded as the bastion of capitalism, where workers are exploited to the bone. And the United States, of all countries, is now to be held up as a model in the transition from socialism to the higher stage of communism. What the Soviet citizens are now being told in order to hide these contradictions gives the impression of complete confusion.

A number of newspapers in West Europe expressed the view that high-level talks between East and West were now probable, and, as a result of Mr. Mikoyan's visit to the United States, the Kremlin was now better placed to appreciate the attitude of America and the West generally to fundamental questions, especially that of Germany. The West German Social Democrat *Neue Rhein-Zeitung* was quoted as saying:

Mr. Mikoyan knows more now than he did before he went to Washington. He knows that Washington wants to negotiate and is prepared to make concessions, but that it will never capitulate. He knows that President Eisenhower wants peace, but not at the price which would guarantee peace for a short time only. Above all, Moscow knows that the American public stands firmly behind its Government. . . . The Kremlin must realize that it can obtain the security it wants only by making possible and guaranteeing the unity of Germany.

The Western concessions made at the Geneva conference on nuclear tests were brushed aside by Moscow commentators. Listeners in Britain were told that the decision to drop the demand to make agreement on discontinuance of nuclear tests conditional on general progress in disarmament 'cannot be considered a concession'.



# Did You Hear That?

## A FINE BRITISH DRIVER

LAST WEEK the World Champion Grand Prix driver, Mike Hawthorn, was killed near Guildford when driving to London. Only last month he had announced his retirement from motor racing, shortly after becoming the first Briton to hold the world championship. Many tributes were paid to Hawthorn in both the domestic and overseas services of the B.B.C. In one of the first, for 'Radio Newsreel' the racing driver TONY BROOKS spoke to Ronald Robson about his former team-mate. In answer to questions, Brooks said:

'I first met Mike in about 1955, and I really got to know him in 1956 when we both drove for B.R.M.; Mike was No. 1 and I was No. 2, and we met regularly throughout the season, possibly every weekend, in the successive seasons. I actually saw him the other night at the National Sporting Club dinner, when he was honoured there by the club.

'As a driver I do not think I need comment. He was champion of the world: I rather feel that speaks for itself. He was a very fine driver to race against—great fun, very sporting; if he felt that you were going quicker than he was he would let you through; no unnecessary keeping of other drivers behind. His rivals had the greatest respect for him, and rated him as an extremely good driver. He brought high honour to Britain, because motor racing as a sport abroad has an extremely high standing. In this country it is football and cricket; abroad it is motor racing, especially in North and South America, and therefore a "top" driver from England earns incalculable prestige for Great Britain'.

## CULT OF THE OLD CAR

'That brave and splendid old car, "Genevieve"', said STEPHEN PARKINSON in 'Roundabout', 'which gave the name to the film with Kenneth More and John Gregson, has passed from our midst and is now, at the age of fifty-five, starting a new life in New Zealand. Her emigration is deeply mourned, but the fact is that since she became a film star, "Genevieve" has been impossible to live with. Her owner, Mr. Norman Reeves, never had a moment's peace. People were always wanting her to appear for charity or to advertise some product or other.

'"Genevieve" did a good job for the cult of the old car. If

there is one thing we in Britain value as much as dogs, it is our old cars. Every week the 1,700 members of the Veteran Car Club unearth another treasure. Recently they found a 1912 model in a hedge bottom, with bushes ten or fifteen feet high growing out of it. Soon it will be on the road again because the tradition with a veteran car is to use it and not put it in a museum. You must not "jazz it up" or fit modern parts. Old parts may be hard to find but the club will help, and it is having a private swop-rally this year, when members will spread their spare bits and pieces out in a field in the hope of helping each other find vital missing links.



Mike Hawthorn: a study taken at the wheel of a B.R.M. at Goodwood

'This is not a subject to be joked about. There is a rigid code of standards. A veteran car is generally considered to be a pre-1917 model though a few extremely exclusive owners recognise only pre-1905 cars as qualifying for the title. Any produced in the succeeding twelve years they describe rather condescendingly as "Edwardian". Models produced between 1917 and 1930 are merely vintage.

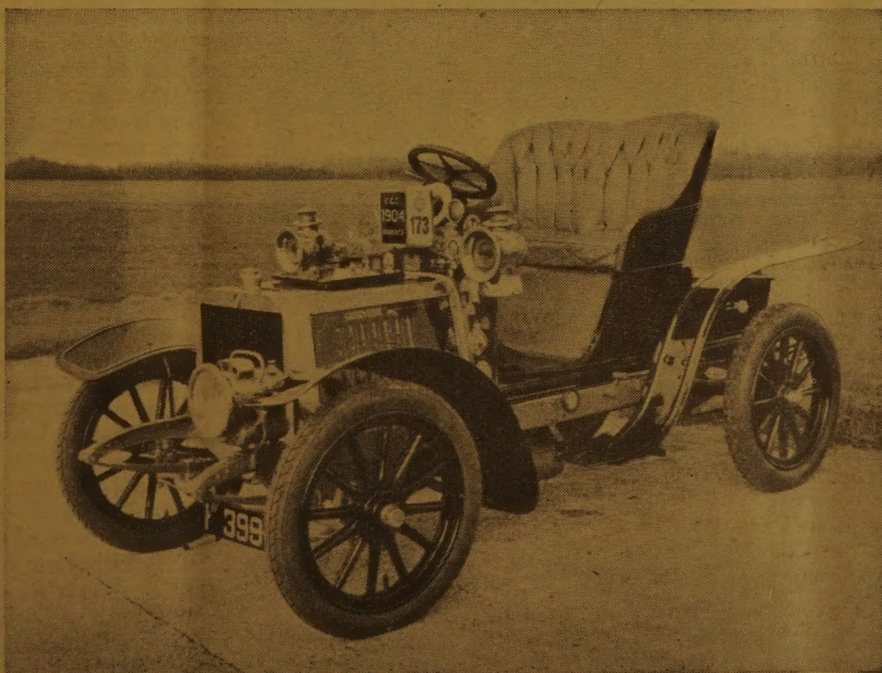
'Mr. T. E. Maw, the club's chairman, has a 1904 model, and he says it is far more restful to drive than a modern car. At twenty miles an hour he has time to look round, and he is high enough to see over hedges and garden walls'.

## NEW YORK STREET GANGS

'Do you know why a "diddley bop" should put on a "stenjar" to "go down" to "rumble" at a "jitterbug"?' asked BARBARA WACE in 'Today'. 'It sounds like a foreign language, doesn't it?

And it is. That is the language of the teenage gangs of New York. And "jitterbug" is nothing to do with dancing.

'Everybody is talking about *West Side Story*, the gang musical running in London. I saw it in New York; and I was careful to take a taxi back right to my front door. For *West Side Story* is not just a romantic musical there—it is a true-life documentary. Right across the avenue from my building in Upper Manhattan was the "turf" of a well-known "bopping club"—and that means the small area of pavement and street called their own by a well-known fighting gang. If I had wandered about, I might



'Genevieve', the car that appeared in the film of that name and which has now been sold to New Zealand

The Veteran Car Club of Great Britain



easily have got in the way of a diddley bop putting on his stenjar for jitterbugging, which, translated, means—a first-class gang fighter putting on his alpine-style, narrow-brimmed hat for a fight.

'There are about 200 really dangerous youths, the New York police told me, in the city. And there are about a hundred organized gangs—some fifty boys in each—fifty boys between twelve and twenty. They are very frightening, because they are so highly organized—each gang is just like a modern army.

"Each gang is different", said a New York policeman I talked to. "But there is the same sort of pattern to them all, too". They all have a president, for instance, and a vice-president, who direct policy. And there is always a war counsellor—like the commander-in-chief of the army. And there is always a gunsmith. He collects and looks after the weapons. London Teddy boys have flick knives and bicycle chains. New York gangs have home-made zip guns, home-made bombs, and also deadly aerials stolen from motor cars.

'Gangs have names which are just as colourful as the gangs in the musical—the Jets and the Sharks. Boys who do not belong to any gang are called "coolies". In the big world, armies are created for defence and security. And so are the teen-age gangs. The youths of New York live in what they call a "shook up" world; so they band into gangs for security. And, as with nations, "coolies" or neutrals have rather a poor time and are looked down on in a way. Gangs are usually made up of boys from poor families, but you also get gangs in good neighbourhoods. Gangs come when boys are frightened or lonely: strutting in a gang they feel brave and can face the world. Many boys, a youth club leader told me, have never in their lives gone more than a mile from their "turf". "They're scared to", he told me, "and often with reason". Generally the headquarters of a street gang is a local sweet shop or a drug store. Sometimes girls belong to the gangs, too, and they are called "debs".

'Everybody I met in New York was worried about the gangs. Many people are trying to do something about them, but I felt that too many people were trying to do too many different things. And I felt leaders of boys' clubs tended to throw out bad boys too soon—throw them out back into the gang. The same thing happens in housing projects—the huge concrete modern buildings which have replaced the old slums. If a family has a "bad boy" in it, out they go—to a new, worse project, where the boy does not know anybody, and where, for security, he joins another gang'.

## WATCHING DEER IN EAST ANGLIA

'I think I can claim to be the only deer watcher in East Anglia', said JIM TAYLOR PAGE in one of the B.B.C.'s Programmes for East Anglia. 'Thetford Chase', he went on, 'has been planted on what was formerly the ancient uncultivated Breckland, but it includes the remains of at least five old estates. On one, Sir William Mackenzie introduced half a dozen little roe deer from Germany round about 1884, probably with the idea of having the delight of deer on his property and perhaps with a view to some venison.

'The roe deer is one of our most beautiful wild British mammals. The buck is only about twenty inches high at the shoulder, with rugged little antlers nine or ten inches long, usually with three small branches. He has a summer coat of foxy red, and it becomes rather grey in winter, when he also has a prominent white patch at his tail end. Three other species of deer have been seen. They are descendants of some that have

escaped from parks or hunting, and have found that the new forest lands provide them with adequate food and shelter. The largest, the red deer, stands about four feet high at the shoulder. The stags are magnificent animals with shaggy manes and high spreading antlers with many branches. Some of these Breckland red deer are exceptional animals. The fallow deer are somewhat smaller. The male fallow, the buck, has no mane, and his antlers are flattened, with the top often wider than the palm of the hand. His colour in summer is usually a light chestnut, and he has prominent creamy spots on his flanks.

'The most recent arrivals have only been seen twice—the muntjac, or barking, deer, which have spread from Woburn Park in Bedfordshire, some sixty miles away. Muntjacs are small, barely two feet high, with quaint little straight antlers continued as ridges on the front of the face. They run rather like terriers and bark like them too. Undoubtedly they have repeatedly been mistaken for them, and so escaped notice.

'My first efforts to see deer were successful, but beginner's luck does not usually last, and mine did not.

After a while I found I could spot deer by watching for the alteration they make in the vertical tree-trunk pattern—a horizontal splash of reddish brown, an unusual curve, or a patch of white. To see these I had to move very slowly, stand still, watch and listen. My own senses became sharpened and I realized that I was noticing small movements, faint sounds, even scents which I had not been aware of before.

'I often have in my hand a roe call, a sort of whistle which produces the sound made by a roe doe at mating time. If I blow this note softly, an ordinary person 100 yards away is unable to hear it, but a buck within a range of half a mile will hear it, and he responds to it immediately by raising his head and coming in as hard as he can towards the sound.

'For long observation one must be out of the way of the noses, ears, and eyes of deer.

I use special look-outs in the trees, fifteen feet above the ground. From them I have had many happy hours of observation and I have been able to see the animals behaving normally in their natural surroundings. Usually I set off from Norwich an hour before dawn to a spot where I can stalk to one of my look-outs. Just as dawn is breaking I climb up and wait. There are few experiences that a naturalist can have to beat what one may hear and see on such occasions. To have a sensitive wild animal like a deer moving to within a few yards of one's hiding place is almost breath-taking. Over and over again I have determined I will photograph the animals, and over and over again I have forgotten to release the shutter, or I have deliberately avoided doing so, knowing that, if I did, the slight click would scare them and my watch would end'.



A roebuck, and (below) a red deer stag





# Robert Burns after 200 Years

By DAVID DAICHES

**T**WO hundred years ago, on January 25, 1759, Robert Burns was born in a village in the south-west of Scotland, in a clay cottage which his father had built with his own hands. His father, a tenant farmer struggling continuously against adversity in one of the most difficult periods of Scottish agriculture, died in 1784, worn out and bankrupt, but not before he had managed to provide his son with an education in the classics of English literature from Shakespeare to Gray, and a fair grounding in history, geography, and what we would call today popular science. Young Robert even learned to read French and acquired a faint smattering of Latin.

He was thus not the illiterate peasant he was often taken to be and that he himself sometimes pretended to be under the influence of primitivist theories of the nature and origin of poetry so popular among the Edinburgh critics of the time. Yet a knowledge of Shakespeare, Milton, Pope, Thomson, Gray, and other English writers represented in some sense an alien culture for Burns. His own country of Scotland had in the Middle Ages, when it was an independent country with a vigorous literary culture of its own, produced a literature distinctively Scottish in language and in manner while at the same time European in its background and its orientation. A number of causes had combined to reduce the Scottish literary language to a series of regional dialects and to make standard southern English the written language of nearly all educated Scotsmen.

The Reformation in Scotland had helped to break Scotland's long-standing ties with France and to bring the country closer to Protestant England, which in the Middle Ages had been the traditional enemy. In 1603 James VI of Scotland succeeded to the English throne, and came south to London as James I of England, bringing with him his court poets and depriving Scotland of its court patronage of literature and music. By 1707, when the Scottish Parliament ceased to exist, Scottish culture was in a confused state. Most of the great Scottish writers of the eighteenth century—David Hume, Adam Smith, William Robertson, and many others—wrote in English, though they usually spoke a broad Scots. Those who continued to write in Scots were mostly regional humorists or patronizing students of rustic manners who dealt in pastoral simplicities or scenes of urban low life. Their language was not a full-blooded literary language, but a local dialect capable of only limited literary effects. At the same time standard English, which educated Scotsmen learned at school, was in some respects a foreign language even for those who wrote it; it was like Latin to the medieval European writer, a means of reaching a wide educated audience but incapable except in unusual circumstances of fusing thought and emotion in a full poetic utterance in which the whole thinking and feeling man could speak.

There were eighteenth-century poets before Burns who tried to revive Scots as a poetic language. Allan Ramsay, early in the century, had been a pioneer here, but his range was restricted, his taste uncertain, and his skill confined to the rendering of low-life or pastoral scenes. Robert Fergusson, who died in 1774 at the early age of twenty-four, was a finer poet, and made a promising attempt to restore Scots to its earlier position as a full literary language; but he did not live to complete his achievement, even

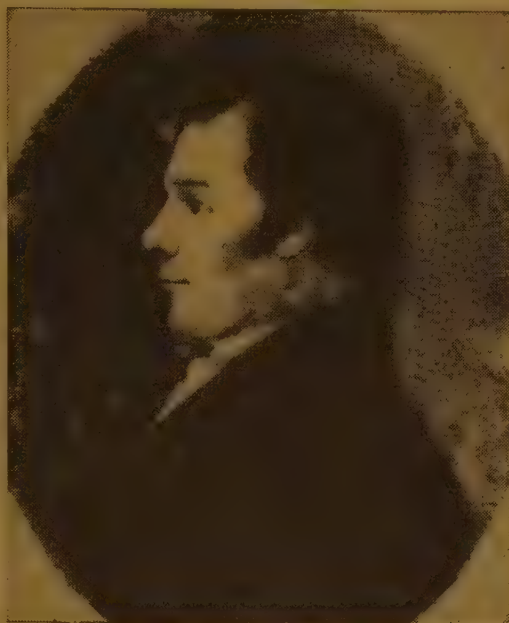
if the cultural state of Scotland had allowed it, which is debatable. At the same time editors and anthologists were reviving an interest in older Scottish poetry—poetry written when Scots had been a full literary language—and though only a small proportion of these older works was made available, this drew the attention of many Scotsmen to what Scottish literature had once been and might perhaps again be.

There was also the Scottish folk tradition, which had had a chequered career since the Reformation had forced much Scottish folk song underground. It survived in Burns's day as a fragmentary but still very real oral culture—songs and tales handed down from generation to generation often in incomplete or corrupt forms. Already editors had begun to collect and publish these. Burns's formal education took no note of this tradition, any more than it took note of Ramsay or Fergusson. But it was none the less available to him, and he tells himself how his imagination was fertilized by the supernatural tales told by an ignorant and superstitious old maid of his mother's, and how his discovery of Fergusson's poems stimulated him to enthusiastic emulation.

The sources on which Burns drew were thus the oral folk tradition of his own people, such older Scottish poetry as was available to him in contemporary collections, the Scottish poems of Ramsay and Fergusson, and a variety of anthologies of songs and ballads, all this stiffened by a sense of craftsmanship he learned partly from his study of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century English

poetry. He also read much in the popular sentimental literature of the time, esteeming Henry Mackenzie's arch-sentimental novel, *The Man of Feeling*, 'next to the Bible', and often himself writing a sentimental and rhetorical poetry in standard English in which he played up to the genteel audience in Edinburgh. The sentimental and rhetorical Burns was the Burns most esteemed by the Edinburgh critics and professors who hailed him as a 'Heaven-taught ploughman', illustrating their theories of the natural man and the nature of primitive poetry, and most esteemed by his English readers.

Today it is not this Burns whom we admire, but the poet who single-handed re-created for a short spell the Scottish literary tradition in poetry which rendered the ironies and the passions of daily human experience with brilliant artistry. Burns was a working farmer all his life except for his last few years as an excise officer in Dumfries. When he visited Edinburgh after the successful publication of his first volume of poems in 1786 he frequently gave offence by resenting the patronizing condescension of well-born ladies and gentlemen. From his earliest years he had resented the facts of class difference in the Scotland of his time, and when as a small boy he had played with the sons of local landowners he nursed the bitter grievance that when he and they grew up they would move in different spheres and he would be expected to touch his cap to people whom he considered no better than himself simply because they happened to own land. Burns was never a man to suffer fools gladly, whatever their rank or profession. So if he sometimes paraded himself as an uneducated ploughman in Edinburgh it was not out of humility, but to emphasize the authenticity of his poetic genius and inspiration. He knew, too, that formal education was no guarantee of wisdom:



Robert Burns: a miniature by Alexander Reid  
The National Galleries of Scotland



Your critic-folk may cock their nose,  
And say 'How can you e'er propose,  
Ye wha ken hardly verse frae prose,  
To mak a sang?'  
But, by your leaves, my learned foes,  
Ye're maybe wrang.

What's a' your jargon o' your schools,  
Your Latin names for horns an' stools;  
If honest nature made you fools,  
What sairs your grammars?  
Ye'd better ta'en up spades and shoos,  
Or knappin'-hammers.

A set o' dull conceited hashes  
Confuse their brains in college classes!  
They gang in stirks, and come out asses,  
Plain truth to speak;  
An' syne they think to climb Parnassus  
By dint o' Greek!

In verses like these the true democratic instinct of Burns finds adequate expression: neither rank nor learning can make a natural fool appear any less of a fool—not, at least, in the eyes of Rabbie Burns. The ironic force of this democratic declaration makes it more truly effective poetically than the more purely rhetorical 'A Man's a Man for a' That'.

### Feet on the Ground

Burns's first audience consisted of friends and acquaintances in his native part of Scotland, where his early songs and poems circulated in manuscript and orally, and where his poetic comments on local and topical events soon earned him an enormous reputation. *This* audience never threatened to seduce him into playing the role of the ideal peasant, but on the contrary encouraged him to keep his feet on the ground and his eyes squarely in front of him. For Burns, at his best and characteristic, was never a 'Romantic' in the popular sense of that abused term. He never writes of the sea and the mountains, though no Scottish poet can ever be far away from either. He liked his landscapes on a small scale, intimate, friendly, associated with the rhythm of the seasons and men and women at work or at play in a specific locality. For him, the 'burnie', 'trots' or 'toddles' down the hill. The girls he celebrates are all clearly visible in a specific wood or burn-side or valley; indeed, much of his poetry is delightedly topographical, showing a relish in localizing people and incidents in named places. 'Willie Wastle dwalt on Tweed, The spot they ca'd it Linkumoddie'; 'The lovely lass o' Inverness'; 'There was a wife wonn'd [lived] in Cockpen'; 'In coming by the brig o' Dye'; 'On Cesnock banks a lassie dwells'; 'Sweet fa's the eve on Craigie-burn'; 'Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon'; 'The Braes o' Ballochmyle'; and many, many more. Burns's journeys round Scotland were made for the express purpose of familiarizing himself with his country's topography and its regional folk songs so that he could worthily celebrate the face of Scotland in his poetry. His songs, taken together, constitute (among other things) a ritual celebration of Scottish names and places, done not so as to evoke vague romantic feeling but so as to provide concrete settings for projections of human passion, or, as has been said, of 'humanity caught in the act'.

Besides the songs, however, there are three other successful kinds of poetry which Burns wrote. First, there are his verse satires. These splendid poems strip off the hypocrisies which cover human reality with magnificent comic irony. 'The Holy Fair', an account of one of the great outdoor Communion services then so popular in Scotland, uses an old Scottish stanza form and draws on an old Scottish tradition of description of popular celebration. But it is more than Breughellesque in its colour and detail: in showing by a mischievously ambiguous use of biblical and religious imagery how the claims of the flesh assert themselves in the very midst of a professedly spiritual exercise, and at the same time taking off with brilliant satirical touches the manners and foibles of popular preachers of the day, Burns not only presents a compelling picture of an aspect of eighteenth-century Scottish life but also makes a permanently valid comment on the relation between moral pretension and physical reality in any age. On a smaller scale, but perfect of its kind, is the 'Address to a Louse',

where the pretensions of a country girl in church, giving herself airs because of her new bonnet, are stripped away with affectionate, humorous irony by the poet as he sits behind her and watches a louse crawl round the back of her bonnet. When he finally comes to calling her by her simple country name, 'Jenny', the transformation is completed: she has been restored to common humanity by a verbal manoeuvre.

### Social Satires

A grimmer satire is 'Holy Willie's Prayer'. Here, in a dramatic monologue, the poet attacks the Calvinist notion of salvation by pre-destined election rather than by good works by showing its consequences for human character: Holy Willie, using the language of Calvinist piety as he talks to God, damns himself without realizing it in what he thinks is a pious prayer but what in fact is a revelation of the most appalling, if unconscious, hypocrisy. In lighter vein there is 'The Twa Dogs'; where a brisk dialogue between a rich man's dog and a poor man's dog manages to include some searching social satire without departing from the tone of humorous irony in which the poem begins. Here, as in so many of his best poems, Burns was drawing on an old Scottish literary tradition.

Another older Scottish tradition which Burns revived was that of the verse letter, a form he used with remarkable skill. He begins these poems by painting a picture of himself writing, anchoring the scene in a specific time and place; then he moves outwards from talk of his own situation to generalizations about his plans, his condition, his view of life; then he contracts the context again to include only his correspondent and himself, and at the end signs off with a dexterous ease. The verse letters represent a remarkable counterpointing of the formal and the colloquial, and they include some of Burns's finest poems. The openings, with their feeling for locality and their farmer's sense of the significance of the time of the year, are splendidly done:

While new-ca'd kye rowte at the stake,  
An' pownies reek in pleugh or braik,  
This hour on e'enin's edge I take,  
To own I'm debtor,  
To honest-hearted, auld Lapraik,  
For his kind letter.

Burns wrote only one narrative poem, 'Tam o' Shanter', based on an Ayrshire folk tale, but it is sufficient to demonstrate his skill as a narrative poet. This tale of a half-drunken farmer pursued by witches on a stormy night as he rides home from the inn where he had been drinking is told in octosyllabic couplets of artfully varied pace. The contrast between the cosy interior of the inn and the howling storm outside is brilliantly painted, as is the hero's mounting fear once he leaves the inn on his homeward journey. This is more than a versification of an old folk story: as Burns tells it, with a skilful handling of Scots words occasionally varied with an ironically placed passage in standard English, it becomes a great comic comment on self-indulgence and self-deception. We are allowed at the end to believe, if we want to, that the witches were all the product of Tam's drunken imagination: but then how explain the loss of his horse's tail? Every incident *except one* can be rationally explained—a formula for supernatural tales in a sceptical age which has persisted ever since—and Burns ends the poem mockingly, in a parody of Scottish pulpit utterance, telling his readers that the moral is to stay away from girls and drink.

### Re-creation of Scottish Folk Song

Burns's reputation has gone round the world carried chiefly by his songs. He spent the last years of his relatively short life on the enormous task of restoring, rewriting, and re-creating the whole body of Scottish folk song. Half forgotten old fragments he completed and reworked; choruses which had lost their verses he provided with new verses; and for hundreds of tunes which had lost their words or had unsuitable words or existed simply as popular dance tunes he provided song-poems. He was a master at fitting words to music, and at the same time he was uncannily in touch with the folk tradition, so that his reworking of old fragments are not genteel 'improvements' but genuine re-creations in the original mood and idiom. He would take no



money for this labour of love, which he insisted he did for Scotland, and often he never claimed credit for a song which is almost certainly largely his—he never claimed authorship of 'Auld Lang Syne', for example, though there is little doubt that it is his, apart from the chorus and the first stanza; he claimed that it was an old song he had found.

He discovered many tunes, too, enlisting the help of an Edinburgh organist to transcribe them from the singing of country people. One of the loveliest of all Scottish folk airs, 'Ca' the Yowes to the Knowes', was discovered and preserved by Burns in this way. He wrote for it two sets of verses, of which the second, with its quiet localization of the evening scene and the hushed benedictory tone of the love-speech, is well worthy of the music.

Burns's songs are memorable because they capture the realized moment of experience with extraordinary truthfulness and passion. The mixture of tenderness and swagger in 'My Luve is like a Red, Red, Rose' is a superb evocation of the male attitude to love. For Burns it was always the truth of the moment that mattered, not some transcendental truth to be achieved by idealizing and Platonizing the moment into something else, as Shelley so often did. He could sing the love-songs of either sex. Where else in English—or Scottish—literature can we find the happy audacity of 'O wha my babie-clouts will buy', the song he put into the mouth of Jean Armour when she was about to bear his child and which expresses both the female joy in sexual surrender and the female joy in maternity? Burns does not idealize lust, but he localizes and even domesticates it, something both more difficult to do and far more interesting.

The range of variety of Burns's songs is remarkable, from

the magical use of symbolic colour which so impressed the poet W. B. Yeats in such lines as

The wan moon is setting ayont the white wave,  
And time is setting with me, oh!

to the fine abandon of

The kirk and state may gae to hell,  
And I'll gae to my Anna.

There is the controlled historical melancholy of the Jacobite songs, where Burns gives this romantic lost cause a new meaning in terms of human emotion:

Now a' is done that men can do,  
And a' is done in vain:

My Love and Native Land farewell,  
For I maun cross the main, my dear,  
For I maun cross the main.

There is the splendid recklessness of that grand drinking song, 'Willie brew'd a peck o' maut', with its rollicking chorus:

We are na fou, We're nae that fou,  
But just a drappie in our e'e; . . .

It would take far too long even to summarize the different kinds of song that Burns wrote. But one thing all his best songs have in common: they pin-point the realized moment of experience without looking before or after; they are anchored solidly in human emotions as they are actually felt in passionate experience; they are earthy yet gentle, unreflective yet never merely animal. Burns is not the poet of idealized man: he is the poet of humanity's 'unofficial self', and he is remembered because he tells the truth about us all.—*European Service*

## Revolutionaries and their Principles

# Robespierre, 'the Incorruptible'

By M. G. HUTT

WHEN Robespierre came to sit in the Estates General in 1789 he brought with him no great reputation. He had not led a provincial revolt against the central government like Mounier. He had not written a best-selling pamphlet like the Abbé Sieyès. He did not even have an interesting reputation for immorality like the Comte de Mirabeau. But Robespierre brought with him an ideal, and in pursuing this ideal he won, first popularity, then power, and finally detestation.

He described this vision in a speech he made to the National Convention in February 1794:

Our aim is the peaceful enjoyment of liberty and equality, the reign of that eternal justice whose laws are engraved on the hearts of every man, whether of the slave who forgets them or of the tyrant who denies their truth. We want an order of things in which the citizen obeys the magistrate, the magistrate the people, and the people the rule of justice. We want to replace the vices and follies of the monarchy by the virtues and achievements of the republic.

To Robespierre, the word 'Republic' describes not a particular set of institutions but the sort of society in which the 'rule of justice' dictated the laws of the state. 'Immorality is the basis of despotism', he said, 'just as virtue is the essence of the republic'. Where you find government based on ethics, then there is the republic.

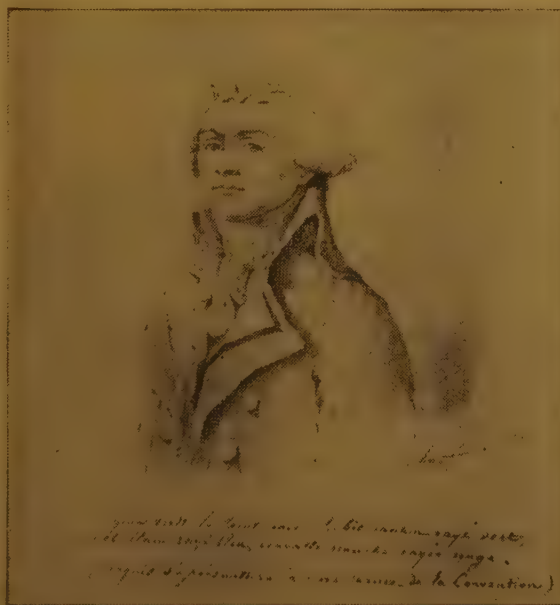
How do you make sure that government will be in accordance

with the dictates of morality? The answer is Rousseau's: the people must be sovereign. Individual men may be corrupted by society, but the mass of men—the people—are good. In obeying themselves, the people will be free, taught Rousseau. In obeying themselves, says Robespierre, they will achieve that happiness which comes only from obedience to the laws of 'eternal justice' engraved in men's hearts.

The logical consequence of this conviction was that in the Constituent Assembly he strongly opposed the limitation of the

franchise to the more prosperous citizens of France, that he argued against all censorship, that he sought to keep the executive government weak *vis-à-vis* the legislature, repudiating absolutely the notion of a royal veto. To permit such a veto would be to permit a particular will to overrule the will of the people as expressed by their elected representatives. Conviction, not demagogy, led him to take up these stands. Nevertheless, they made him popular with the crowd that filled the public galleries of the Assembly and the Jacobin Club.

Robespierre used to keep a copy of the *Social Contract* in his bedroom at the Duplay's—but then even Rousseau had to allow serious modifications to his ideals when he came to draft a constitution for Poland. Robespierre was a politician faced with problems of choice and practical decision. Clearly it was impossible for the sovereign people to rule itself by



Robespierre: a drawing made by David during a session of the Convention



making decisions in a perpetual nation-wide town meeting. For practical purposes, then, Robespierre accepted that elected representatives must act on behalf of the people. But how to make sure that the Assembly legislated in accordance with the general will of the people? The formal answer given by Robespierre was by frequent elections, by having large assemblies in which intrigue on behalf of particular interests would be impossible, by holding debates in the presence of anything up to 10,000 or 12,000 spectators. What if these safeguards proved too weak? Then a less formal way had to be employed—insurrection.

On August 10, 1792, the people deposed Louis XVI, suspected, with his wife, of being in treasonable correspondence with the advancing enemy. 'In the present state of affairs it seems evident that if the King be not destroyed, he must soon become absolute': so the American minister wrote home to Jefferson on August 1. Robespierre and other 'patriots' had come to the same conclusion. 'The state must be saved whatever means be employed', wrote Robespierre in his newspaper, *The Defender of the Constitution*. 'Nothing can be called unconstitutional except what tends to the destruction of the state'. The state is not only in danger from the King: there are generals who, like Lafayette, have threatened to march on Paris; there are deputies who have, at the very least, condoned the court's slow whittling away of the already limited achievements embodied in the constitution of 1791.

In the night of August 9, representatives from twenty-eight of the forty-eight Sections of Paris set up the revolutionary Commune which organized the attack on the Tuileries next day, and which in effect ruled France until a newly elected National Convention could meet to replace the broken and discredited Legislative Assembly.

### Insurrection of the 'Whole French People'

On August 10 'the people of Paris', explains Robespierre, 'rose to recall to their duty tyrants who were conspiring against them and to chastise those unfaithful representatives who sought to re-enter the inalienable rights of mankind'. But though it was the people of Paris who actually fought the King's Swiss guards, the insurrection, Robespierre goes on, was really an insurrection of the whole French people. It is easy to see the point. Just as you have to admit that, for legislating, representatives shall act on behalf of the sovereign people, so in the case of insurrection you have to accept, and welcome, the action of self-appointed 'fighting representatives'. But not all Frenchmen would want to help in such an insurrection. This does not matter. Such men are not patriots. They are, as it were, outside the number of the sovereign people. For the patriot is the man who loves and will defend the republic. The republic by definition is the rule of political virtue. Those who do not support the republic are thus wicked, and the wicked cannot be expected to conform to the general will but only to advance their particular interested wills.

There were many such 'wicked' men in the Paris prisons at this time—clergymen who had refused to swear an oath to the constitution because it contained religious provisions they could not accept; men in whose houses arms had been discovered by search parties sent out by the Paris Sections; royalists imprisoned for their part in the events of August 10. The Prussians were advancing in the north-east, Longwy had fallen, Verdun was besieged. If every able-bodied man went to the front, could not these prisoners form a dangerous fifth column? On Sunday, September 2, the people began to safeguard the home front. In the next five days between 1,000 and 1,400 prisoners were liquidated by gangs, not of professional thugs, but of cobblers, carpenters, watchmakers, and jewellers, like those known to have operated at the Abbaye prison.

All the evidence suggests that Robespierre made no effort whatsoever to use his considerable influence over the Commune to stop the massacres. To Robespierre the massacres, like the dethronement of the King, represented the judgment of the people. If the massacres had been the work of a few gangs of cut-throats, the people would have stopped them. The people are good; the people are just; the people had done what Robespierre saw needed to be done, and the ideal republic was closer than it

had ever been before. Even if cold-blooded massacre had been employed, the people were justified.

The people were even justified in invading the National Convention on May 31, 1793, and chasing out the Girondin deputies. True, the people who did the chasing were the people of Paris, and the deputies who were arrested had been elected, and were still approved of, by many Frenchmen in the west of France. But the 'chasers' were the true people acting in accordance with the general will of the people, who wished to found a republic and to safeguard that republic against Austrians on the frontier and counter-revolutionaries at home. If Girondin deputies proved unwilling, or too feeble, for this task, they had to be purged and the truly 'patriotic' must take over the government. This meant the men of Robespierre's persuasion—the so-called 'Mountain'.

### Robespierre in Power

Until the summer of 1793, Robespierre had been continually, as it were, in opposition. Now he and his party were in power, for the moderates in the Convention were prepared to vote measures the Mountain thought advisable. One such measure was the constitution of 1793 and the Declaration of Rights that goes with it. Not every detail was as Robespierre wanted it by any means, but his influence, his ideals, inspired the whole document. All men had a right to freedom, to peaceful assembly, to freedom of speech, to the vote. It was the duty of society to provide education for all, assistance to the out-of-work, and subsistence to the aged and infirm. No one was to be arrested or detained except in the cases determined by law, and this law is the free and solemn expression of the will of the people. Robespierre's old suspicion of a strong executive is there writ large—'in every free state it is the first duty of the law to defend society and individual liberty against abuses of authority by the government'. The people are sovereign, and if the government violates their rights then insurrection becomes a 'sacred duty'.

The constitution was enacted, a plebiscite confirmed it, and a festival organized by David, the painter, celebrated it on August 10, 1793. Two months later, a decree suspended the constitution before it had ever been implemented. Terror became the order of the day.

Between the ideal expressed in the constitution of 1793 and the actuality of the Terror there appears to be a yawning gulf. How could you reconcile talk of individual liberty with the Law of Suspects or belief in due process of law with the abbreviated procedures of the Revolutionary Tribunal? How could you talk of free speech when Camille Desmoulins was executed for criticizing the government in his newspaper, or when Danton was silenced at his trial and guillotined for urging moderation on the government? Insurrection was supposed to be a 'sacred duty' if a government violated the people's rights: when the Hébertists tried to stage a rising in March 1794 they were crushed. The Committee of Public Safety exercised a sort of collective dictatorship: so much for the theory of a weak executive.

### The Danger to France

You could justify these departures from the ideal by pointing to the facts of the situation. 'The state must be saved whatever means be employed', Robespierre had written on the eve of August 10. The emergency then had fully justified the deposition of Louis, just as it had fully justified the purging of the weak Girondins. France was still in danger. The Prussians were advancing through Lorraine. The Spaniards were across the Pyrenees. The Midi, Normandy and La Vendée were in open revolt against Paris. Lenin presented his New Economic Policy, fully aware that it diverged from pure Marxist teaching; but the facts of the economic situation demanded, in his view, the implementation of such a policy. The facts of the war emergency in 1793 could similarly be advanced to justify the suspending of the constitution, the strengthening of the executive, and the eradication of opposition which tended to hamper the war effort.

The interesting—and the terrible—thing about Robespierre is that, unlike Lenin, he does not seem to have felt any need to explain or justify. To him there was no great gulf between principle and practice, and thus there was no need for any appeal to the facts to justify a change in policy.



The risings of August 10 and of May 31 had been justified in Robespierre's view, not merely because they had saved the state, but above all because on those days it had been the sovereign people which had taken action. Now the executive was tightly controlled by the Committee of Public Safety, not by the King. Now the Convention which kept that Committee in power by a monthly vote was a purged and purified body. As such it expressed accurately the general will of the people—and so did the Committee. The Committee *was* the people in the same way that the men who invaded Louis XVI's palace were the people. Mountain and people were one. Above all, Robespierre and people were one. The dictatorship of the Committee of Public Safety, then, was not merely the answer to the demands of national defence. It was, in fact, a dictatorship of the people exercised on its behalf by an élite. Of course there was opposition. Never mind: Rousseau had taught, 'the people always will the good, but left to themselves they do not always see it'. Opposition came from the blind; Robespierre and his colleagues could see.

To most of Robespierre's colleagues it might seem enough to destroy opposition because it hurt the war effort, or because, at the lowest level, it threatened their own political power. Not so with Robespierre. To him opposition to the Committee meant opposition to the general will of the people, and so when the Hébertists attempted to stage their rising there was no need to wonder if this was an example of the sovereign people fulfilling its 'sacred duty' to rebel against a tyrannical government. Obviously it was not. August 10 had been a rising *by* the people: just as clearly this was a rising *against* the people. Robespierre went even further. Opposition to the Committee meant opposition to the general will of the people; as the general will by definition sought the good, sustained opposition must be the result of deliberate wickedness. Opposition had to be eradicated, therefore, not just because of the immediate necessity of defending the state and what the revolution had achieved so far, but also so that France could be purged of those corrupt elements which might, when peace came and the constitution was implemented, taint the sovereign people and postpone for ever the coming of the republic in which virtue, ethics, and morality existed as the basis of politics and government.

### 'The Terror Is Simply Justice'

When Danton proposed and kept on proposing a relaxation of the Terror this was not, in Robespierre's view, the result simply of a difference in politics but the result of wicked intentions. Robespierre believed that 'the Terror is simply justice. It is an emanation of virtue and results from the application of democracy to the pressing needs of the country'. To denounce the Terror was to denounce virtue in action, and by implication to denounce the people's will. For such 'enemies of the people the punishment is death'—thus the man who had once campaigned against the death penalty. But if Robespierre experienced qualms on this particular point it does not seem that he ever underwent Cromwellian searchings of conscience on the wider issue. If 'the terror was simply justice', there was no gulf between the practice of the government and the ideal of the Republic with its 'reign of eternal justice, whose laws are engraved on the hearts of every man'.

None of Robespierre's colleagues on the Committee of Public Safety and General Security would quarrel with the need to suppress opposition in war time. But when Robespierre pushed too hard towards the less immediate end and tried to use the police apparatus for which he in particular was responsible to purge France of the corrupt and wicked, when the slightest stir of opposition to Robespierre himself came to be regarded by the self-righteous lawyer as wickedness and corruption, then his popularity among the Paris Sections faded, and admiration for his incorruptibility turned into the hatred and fear which emboldened some of his colleagues to destroy him. On July 27, Nine Thermidor, he was shouted down in the Convention and put under arrest. The Sections would not rise to release him. The sovereign people having thus made known its will, Robespierre was taken off to be guillotined in the Place de la Concorde.

Robespierre is not a very sympathetic figure. Carlyle's picture of a 'thin, acrid' man, 'his eyes troubled, careful, complexion pale sea-green', is unpleasantly accurate. He was 'The Incorruptible' and his very virtuousness chills because he was prepared

to persecute in the name of this same virtue. But he was not just the 'ferocious cannibal' of contemporary British repute. Still less was he a monstrous hypocrite using talk of liberty to win political power. Robespierre was a man with a clear vision of a just and free society. He was so confident that his end was in accordance with the general will of the people that he never questioned whether the means he employed were approved in the same way. Perhaps the trouble was that the Arras lawyer had studied far too carefully the letter of Rousseau's teaching and had missed the spirit which inspired it. Preoccupied with making 'good patriots' and founding his ideal republic on the bedrock of 'virtue', Robespierre forgot that what Rousseau had wanted—and what he himself had intended—was to make free men.—*Third Programme*

## The Yellow Girl

FOR QUENTIN STEVENSON

Once the Reverend Thomas Glover  
In the prow of his boat (drifting  
O'er a sea as clear as tropic  
Air) read from the Holy Book  
By the light of a small worm—  
All the heavens and God's fire  
Revealed through a small worm's desire.

A skeleton lying on the sand  
(Like the gold-dark skeleton of the sun)  
That ship-wrecked mariner sighing said:

'The leaf-dark King of Aragon  
Sent me as Ambassador  
To the Sultan of Great Babylon  
Over the sea, a world of leaves.  
But I was wrecked upon Time's sands  
And in the isle of my yellow girl  
I died of the Yellow Fever, O!

'For she was brighter than the gold  
That falls from the leaves of Hispaniola;  
A bouquet of the yellow stars  
Her mouth . . . Her voice like moonlight, or  
The voice of the sea-sorrow, told  
Me "Wander not—I love thee!" So  
I slept with that yellow moonlight, and  
I died of the Yellow Fever, O!

'Some men turn skeletons for gold,  
And some for love of the horizons;  
Or because Truth, a water-lady  
As inconstant as the wave  
Rose from the depths of the tropic sea  
And lured them to her siren cave.  
But at the last, all things are one:  
Gold, Truth, the skeleton of the sun  
When we alone are lying.

'My girl was lovely as Idleness.  
But Shadow, now, the giantess,  
(Dark Africa calm as palm-trees) is  
My sole companion.

'Grave Sir, you preach with book and bell  
Against the yellow girl, the moonlight  
That I had thought was day . . .  
And yet, despise not the poor clay:  
Do you not read the Holy Book  
By the despised small worm's light—  
All the heavens and God's Fire  
All the Spirit's storm  
Revealed through a small worm's desire?'

*Note: At one time, sailors believed the yellow fever came through sleeping in yellow moonlight.*

EDITH SITWELL



# Hungry Sheep Unfed at the Royal Academy

OSBERT LANCASTER reflects on the exhibition of Russian art

OF all the various exhibitions of national art with which London has been favoured since the war, none, I think it is fair to say, was awaited with such general interest as the Russian—not invariably wholly detached interest nor perhaps exclusively aesthetic. Ever since that first season of Russian opera and ballet at Covent Garden before the first world war we have had as a nation a strong, if sometimes ambivalent, enthusiasm for Russian culture quite different from and far less specialized than that aroused by the culture of those nations to whose artistic influence we had long been directly subject, such as France and Germany. But while this enthusiasm has been amply rewarded during the present century in the realms of music and literature, and more recently the cinema, it has always been visually undernourished.

The stage settings of Goncharova, occasional photographs or prints of the long façades of St. Petersburg, a colour reproduction of the Virgin of Vladimir, a handful of gilded domes, and, perhaps, one or two of the early revolutionary posters were all that our imaginations, stimulated by such writers as Turgenev in whom the visual sense was very strongly developed, had to work on. This enthusiasm was, of course, naturally and legitimately enough further increased by the political barrier and by the various artistic pronouncements which, from time to time, came echoing across it. Thanks to the fact that our national press has long enjoyed the services of rather more Russian experts than racing correspondents—and gives them much more space—we have been kept tolerably well informed as to what the Party thinks Soviet art ought to be, but have had almost no opportunity of seeing what in fact Soviet art is.

One is, therefore, genuinely sad at having to report that at the Royal Academy the hungry sheep look up and are not fed. Enthusiasm, if not wholly quenched, is certainly not stimulated and curiosity remains in a large measure unsatisfied. For there now hangs about Burlington House a depressing atmosphere of some decayed Irish mansion in which the proprietors, having been forced to sell off the masterpieces, have made a gallant attempt to fill the gaps on the stained and maculate walls of the principal saloons with a selection of pictures brought down from the guests' bedrooms or up from the servants' hall, inadequate in number and questionable in quality. In brief, it is astonishing that any nation with a long and illustrious tradition in the visual arts—let alone one that we have always considered as attaching such importance to, and being so good at, nationalist propaganda—should have allowed so inadequate and ill-selected a handful of canvases to have been displayed in a foreign capital.

It will, inevitably, be the works produced during the last forty years which will command the liveliest interest among the public at large. And in discussing them the necessary detachment will, given the world in which we live, be hardest to achieve. So let us start by clutching boldly the social-realist nettle. Let me hasten to say that I am politically uncommitted, almost, in fact, unconscious. Moreover, never having shared my contemporaries' belief that all preoccupation with subject-matter is anathema, I am

undeterred by pictorial story-telling. Nor do I subscribe to the individualist view that works of art cannot be produced by painters working in a rigidly controlled and doctrinated society. Indeed, the splendid icons in the first two rooms are sufficient to prove exactly the contrary to be the case. For the Orthodox Church, both in Byzantium and Russia, dictated to the artist both his subject-matter and stylistic treatment with a firmness which makes the Communist Party's attitude to the arts seem like that of a kindly drawing mistress in a Froebel Institute.

Having said all this, I must nevertheless record my opinion that, by and large, the pictures in the modern section constitute the most revealing and depressing demonstration



'The Defence of Petrograd' (1928), by A. A. Deineka, b. 1899

of civil-service art that I have so far been privileged to see. When I say that there are several pictures here which Sir Brian Robertson might well have commissioned as posters for British Railways you will realize that I am not overstating my case.

Roughly speaking, the canvases displayed fall into two categories—the dramatic, such as 'The Last Day in the Old Bunker', which approximate closely to the sort of illustrations commissioned by *Life* magazine, and the pastoral, 'A Spring Morning on the Communal Farm', etc., which would be more likely, one fancies, to find favour with the editors of the *Saturday Evening Post*. There are also one or two pictures outside these two classes, some of them accomplished, which will arouse a powerful nostalgia in those whose childhood, like mine, was coloured by the works of the St. Ives school just after it had first heard about Gauguin, circa 1925.

It is not that these canvases are a bad kind of picture, but that they are bad of their kind, which leaves the visitor so depressed and, if optimistic, doubtful whether this selection can be properly representative even of official art. Battle pictures, for instance, are not admittedly everyone's cup of tea but it so happens that I am a push-over for them. Van der Meulen, Vernet, Vereschagin, even Lady Butler have all on occasion given me pleasure. My hopes, therefore, on this score were high. Alas, they were sadly dashed. The sole Vereschagin is a dreary little folk-study, and among the moderns only Deineka's 'Defence of



Petrograd', although admittedly in no way conforming to the conventions of the illustrious masters just mentioned, achieves a certain gaunt decorative impressiveness rather reminiscent of the Swiss painter Hodler. However, we all know what selections of contemporary art chosen by government departments, advised by the older and less successful academicians, are apt to be like; and we would do well to bear in mind that a comparable exhibition of contemporary painting selected by permanent civil servants, blessed by the Royal Academy and unhindered by the Arts Council, might not be all that much better (although admittedly such an artist as Mr. Russell Flint, whose artistic aims are so close to those of official Soviet art, does exhibit a purely technical skill not paralleled here). Criticism is, therefore, more profitably to be directed to the other sections of the exhibition.

Unfamiliar, like most of us, as I am with Russian painting, I do at least know that there flourished an accomplished and distinguished school of portrait painting in Russia in the early years of the last century. It may not have included an Ingres or a Goya but there were several artists who could take their place alongside Gros or Sir Francis Grant or even Lawrence, without fear of invidious comparisons. Of these there is hardly a trace. Of the later nineteenth-century artists only Repin is represented on anything like an adequate scale, though not, alas, by that vast canvas of jocular Cossacks familiar to generations of jigsaw puzzle enthusiasts. Of a far better painter, Serov, there are two canvases which in this company have an air of genuine distinction. One, a study of two little boys in sailor suits that has something of the freshness of a very early Steer, and one other, a portrait of an oriental dancer of which both the colour and the low, but very carefully worked out, tonality recall Sickert. However, the gap of which the average Western visitor will probably be most conscious is that created by the almost total absence of the work of those artists connected with Diaghilev, more properly to be described as the *Mir Iskusstva* Group. There are, admittedly, two not very distinguished canvases by Benois, and the group receives a mention of qualified approval in Mr. Nedoshivin's foreword to the catalogue. But of Goncharova, Bakst, Roerich or at one further remove, Chagall—names which we immediately recall when we hear Russian art spoken of—there is not the faintest trace.

There remain, thank heaven, the icons. One is tempted to wish that there had been many more; but on reflection, it is perhaps as well that they are so few in number, as for all but the most besotted Byzantinist icons are a form of art of which it is all too easy to have a surfeit. Here they are of necessity well spaced out and almost all of superb quality. The thing which I think those who are at all familiar with this branch of art in its Greek or Byzantine manifestation will find most striking is how strong here is the national flavour. Particularly is this evident in the use of colour. The acid blues and beautifully placed creamy whites are not to be met with outside Russia. In a panel such as the magnificent St. George from Novgorod all trace of classical restraint has been thrown off, and something has been achieved which is as expressive and as remote from the main Western tradition as a Benin bronze or the Scythian animal sculpture of the previous millennium.

Only in one work, I think, 'The Communion of the Apostles' by Chyorny, is it possible to catch the echo of what was happening almost contemporaneously in the last Paeleologist



A sixteenth-century icon from a village church near Rostov: the title of the picture 'In Thee Rejoiceth . . .' is from a hymn in praise of the Virgin



'Children', by V. A. Serov (c. 1865-1911): study for a larger picture of 1899

period at Constantinople, as exemplified by the mosaics in the Kariye Djami in that city. Otherwise, one gains the impression that the umbilical cord binding Russia to Byzantium had snapped some two centuries earlier. But of all the icons the one which will probably strike the average visitor as being most characteristically Russian is the panel from a village church near Rostov, illustrating a hymn in praise of the Virgin, with its wonderful background of stylized architecture and arbitrarily disposed plant-forms which would seem to come straight from the world of *Le Coq d'Or*.

Such works do much to compensate us for the disappointment engendered by the exhibition as a whole, but not, alas, enough. Is it too much to hope that our lack of enthusiasm will not be attributed to bourgeois envy and 'the absence from the exhibition of works analagous to the widespread tendencies in the West such as Tachism, Surrealism, Abstract painting, etc.' to which Mr. Nedoshivin refers in his foreword, and of which, dear comrade, we have quite enough of our own, thank you; and that the Soviet Government may perhaps be induced to send us a representative exhibition: not only of paintings but of drawings, stage designs, architecture, and posters—all art forms in which the Russians both before and since the Revolution have achieved so many and such honourable triumphs.

—Third Programme



# The Compensation of Wrongdoers

GLANVILLE WILLIAMS discusses the law of trespass

**I**N modern times the law of liability for negligence has been greatly extended, so that nearly always a man who has caused injury or loss to others by his carelessness can be sued for damages. But there are still some situations where this is not true, and the one I want to consider here concerns injuries to trespassers.

The general rule is that a landowner is under no duty of care towards trespassers, and so is not liable to them for negligence. The rule is applied even against children. A well-known example occurred during the last war, when the military authorities had laid a minefield close to the seashore. The minefield was originally surrounded with a substantial fence and marked by danger notices, but in time part of the fence and one of the notices became buried by drifting sand. Three young boys, who had been warned by their teachers of the dangerous nature of the minefield, went into it to retrieve a ball, and a mine exploded. It was held by the Court of Appeal that the boys were trespassers and had no action<sup>1</sup>.

## The Landowner and the Trespasser

Is this a good rule or not? One can certainly see the landowner's point of view. It would be absurd to require him to ring every piece of land on which some minor danger exists with an unclimbable fence and locked gates. The law is that the public are not entitled to go on a man's land without his permission. This being so, the owner may justly feel that he is entitled to assume that the law will be obeyed. He is not bound to spend money to safeguard the public against dangers to which they have no right to subject themselves.

But look at it from the point of view of the trespasser. I suppose every one of us has trespassed many times. We take it for granted that the farmer will not mind our passing across his field if we take care to do no damage and close the gates after us. Technically we are trespassing. We realize that as trespassers we have to watch out for dangers arising from the configuration of the land, such as quarries; and we shall not have a legitimate grievance if we are bitten by the farmer's dog. But are there not some dangers against which even a trespasser can justly claim to be protected?

The courts have answered this question in the affirmative by developing certain exceptions to the trespasser rule, and they have also imposed limitations upon the scope of the rule. For one thing, the courts have sometimes been ready to find that the landowner has impliedly permitted the public to enter his land, where he has taken no steps to keep them out. If members of the public break down a fence and walk over another man's land, the first of them to do so are trespassers; but after a time, if the owner does nothing about it, he may be deemed to have consented to this invasion of his rights, in which case the people who come on the land are no longer trespassers. The owner is then responsible in damages for injuries on his land. In order to prevent this result, the owner had better keep his fences intact, or turn off intruders whenever he sees them.

## Interpreting Doctrine of Implied Permission

It is obvious that this doctrine does not express the true intention of the owner, for a person who is in occupation of dangerous premises would hardly be willing to give the public access to them, when the only result is that he is liable in crushing damages and costs when an injury occurs. It is still less likely that he would genuinely consent to the presence of children, who are too young to appreciate the danger and so are particularly likely to come to grief. Again, it is unjust to the owner of, say, a woodland near a town to expect him to keep renewing the fences when the public just as persistently tears them down. Realization of these facts has led the courts to apply the doctrine of implied

permission less frequently than they once did. The permission of the landowner may still be implied, but the courts are not so ready to imply it as they were in the earlier years of the present century. If the proprietor is able to keep a single strand of wire running round his property, he seems now to be pretty safe from the doctrine of implied permission.

Another way of restricting the trespasser rule is to confine it to cases where the action is brought against the landowner himself. Even where it is found that the plaintiff was a trespasser, he has his ordinary rights against everyone except the owner. The only person entitled to complain of a trespass is the person who is in possession of the property in question. Consequently, it is only the landowner—or other person in possession—who can defend himself in an action of negligence by saying that the plaintiff was a trespasser. The trespasser is allowed to sue anyone else. For example, if a farmer has had a cesspool made for him by a contractor, and the cesspool is so badly made that a trespasser falls into it, the trespasser is allowed to sue the contractor for damages. The fact that he is a trespasser towards the owner of the land is irrelevant in his action against the contractor.

An illustration of this principle is the recent case of *Miller v. South of Scotland Electricity Board*.<sup>2</sup> This was an appeal to the House of Lords from Scotland, and was, therefore, decided primarily upon Scots law; but there is no reason to doubt that it is equally valid for English law. According to the plaintiff, the facts were as follows. A house was being demolished, and when it was empty the owner notified the electricity authority in order that it might disconnect the wiring from the main. The electricity authority duly notified the owner that this had been done, but by an oversight it left a live wire upon the premises. The plaintiff, a boy of eleven, entered the house by way of trespass, touched the wire, and was injured.

## A Contractor's Liability

The case went to the House of Lords on the legal question whether these facts, if proved, gave a good cause of action, and their Lordships held that they were capable of doing so. Since the house was being demolished and was left without any door, the electricity authority ought to have realized that children might go to play in it. And the fact that the children might be trespassers towards the owner did not help the electricity authority, which was not in occupation of the house and the land, and so could not complain of the trespass.

Although this distinction is technically defensible, and gives a just result in the particular case, it suggests to the mind some doubt whether the owner should himself be in any better position than the contractor. Suppose the live wire had been left by the owner and not by the electricity authority, should not the owner be liable to the child in damages? It is true that a landowner cannot normally be expected to foresee that a trespasser will come upon his land and injure himself. But in some situations he can and should foresee it, and should take steps accordingly, at least if the probable injury to the trespasser will be a serious one. If the electricity board should have foreseen the trespass by Master Miller, the owner should have foreseen it too. Why should the fact of trespass save the owner from having to pay damages for his carelessness, if he were careless?

This is not the present law. At present, according to the English cases, an owner would not be liable to a child trespasser for leaving a live wire on his premises, even though the premises were unoccupied and lacked a front door. But conceivably the child might win if he were able to take the case to the House of Lords, which, if it were in a very bold frame of mind, might be willing to follow certain American authorities and give a remedy to the trespasser where the condition of the land is very dangerous and the owner has clearly been careless. Lord Denning in *Miller's*

<sup>1</sup> *Adams v. Naylor* (1944) K.B. 750; affirmed on other grounds (1946) A.C. 543

<sup>2</sup> (1958) S.L.T. 229; *The Times*, July 4, 1958



case was evidently ready to go as far as this. No one would suggest that a proprietor should have to protect trespassers against natural dangers on his premises, or against minor dangers. But if the danger results from the activities of the owner, is very serious and is not likely to be apprehended by the trespasser, whose presence should have been foreseen, it would be possible to give the trespasser an action without imposing too exacting a duty on landowners.

### Exceptions to the Trespasser Rule

Even the present law admits certain exceptions to the trespasser rule. If a man knows that there are intruders on his premises, he must not start a dangerous operation in careless disregard of their presence. For example, he could not go shooting indiscriminately in woods when he knows that boys are birds-nesting there. Probably, although the question has not been clearly decided, the proprietor is under some positive duties to protect the trespasser from dangers on the land—duties which oblige him not merely to refrain from killing the trespasser, but officiously to keep the trespasser alive. Suppose that a trespasser is attacked by the landowner's Alsatian dog so that he is in danger of a severe mauling. Surely the owner, witnessing the incident, is under a duty to call the dog off? If so, he is under a duty of positive action for the benefit of the trespasser. Again, if the trespasser's clothes are caught in moving machinery, is not the owner of the premises under a duty to throw the switch in order to stop the machine? If the trespasser has fallen into a deep pit on the land, can the owner watch him starve to death without offering or summoning assistance?

The trespasser's peril may arise from his ignorance of danger. He may, for example, be walking towards an unfenced quarry on my land on a dark night. If I see him in this danger and neglect to give a warning which I could easily give, common sense and justice would suggest that I am liable.

These problems have not come before the courts, but it does not require much imagination to show that the shibboleth of 'no duty towards trespassers' cannot be generally applied without affronting the sense of justice. There would seem to be no legal obstacle in the way of affirming the following rule: that where the trespasser is seen to be in great and imminent danger, and the owner can save him by very little exertion on his part, the owner is under a duty to make that exertion. Too much cannot be expected: an owner would hardly be required to plunge into a fast-flowing river on his land in order to rescue a drowning trespasser.

I cannot give extensive arguments for the view that liability should exist in cases like those just put; the opinion depends upon a simple emotional reaction, which one either feels or does not. But this may be said: that in such situations there is some special relationship between the parties arising out of the facts. Generally the law cannot impose on men a duty to act charitably, because one cannot see the end of such a duty. But a duty imposed upon the occupier to give easy assistance to a trespasser in a desperate plight would be a limited one, which would impose little difficulty in administration. Thus it would be possible for the courts to create a duty, and whether they will do so will depend upon the attitude of the particular judge towards the duties of his office. The judge may think that it is his duty to extend the law, so far as practicable, to give effect to ordinary moral feeling; or, on the contrary, he may regard himself as bound to follow somewhat uncritically the various dicta to the effect that the trespasser must take the conditions of the land as he finds them.

### Injuries Resulting from a Public Nuisance

One of the most curious exceptions to the trespasser rule relates to injuries resulting from a public nuisance. The case of *Harrold v. Watney*<sup>\*</sup> illustrates the benevolence of the courts towards trespassers if the defendant can be said to be guilty of a public nuisance. Master Harrold, aged four, started to climb upon Watney's wooden fence, bordering on the highway, in order to look at some boys at play on the other side. The fence was defective and fell on him. It was held that the fence in its unsafe condition constituted a public nuisance, and since the boy had merely been indulging a natural instinct he was entitled to succeed.

It is clear that when Master Harrold climbed on the fence he was a trespasser, since he went beyond anything that he might lawfully do as a passenger on the highway. This being so, it is not easy to see why he should have been allowed to recover on the basis of public nuisance. It is true that the fence was rotten, and if it had blown down upon a passer-by the landowner would clearly have been liable as for a public nuisance. But there would seem to be no logic in extending the protection of the law of public nuisance to one who deliberately goes outside the right of highway. The truth seems to be that the court here seizes on the fact of nuisance to create an exception to the trespasser rule.

The case shows how difficult it is to arrive at a perfectly just result in this part of the law. If you look at the situation from the point of view of the boy, he has injured himself when behaving in a perfectly natural way, and the injury would not have happened if the fence had been properly repaired. On the other hand, it is vexatious for the owner of property bordering on a road to have to keep his fences so well repaired as to withstand the onslaught of small boys. How are we to reconcile the rights of property with the obligations of property?

The impression of the rules and decisions that I have discussed may be that sometimes the courts have gone too far in protecting the trespasser, while at other times they have not gone far enough. Perhaps one day the Law Reform Committee will reconsider the whole position. I would not suggest that unlawful intruders upon premises should be given the same right of action as lawful visitors. But where a reasonable landowner can foresee the likelihood of trespass, and consequent *serious* injury, he should be under a duty to take some steps even for the protection of wrongdoers.—*Third Programme*

## Helsinki: December 1957

I walk today these wintry woods where fir  
And reed and water merge in mist at last;  
There is a certain comfort in a blur  
Which blunts the ache and sharpness of the past.

But how I fear to go back to my room,  
Empty and warm, where one by one will wake  
Regrets now frozen in this damp and gloom,  
Until some inner vessel seems to break:

Regrets for words I said or never said,  
For love repaid with jeers or treacherous smiles:  
Regrets for memories so deftly shed,  
And the immeasurable hours and miles.

And so I still walk onwards, late and lonely,  
Beside the misty trees and waters, still  
Breathe in the icy air and think: If only  
This winter did not merely numb, but kill.

FRANCIS KING

## The Lynching

They rode back in trap or Ford or Cadillac.  
Behind them on the tree upon the hill  
Beneath the non-committal dark  
Star punctured sky their deed hung still  
And black. They rode fast. One might have thought  
That they were being pursued; their speed  
Lunged forward with a long arm through the night  
To drag the small town to their need.  
And in the town the white wives in their white  
Nightgowns listened to the clock  
And with their wide-eyed fingers plucked  
Those gowns which, fastened at the neck  
And neat at feet, need not be roughed that night  
To prove their husbands' manhood, or the lack.

VERNON SCANNELL



# B.B.C. NEWS HEADLINES

January 21-27

## Wednesday, January 21

Mr. Mikoyan, Deputy Prime Minister of Soviet Russia, leaves New York for Moscow

Further changes in the Army are to include reorganization of the Household Cavalry

## Thursday, January 22

About 16,000 car workers are idle in the Midlands following unofficial strike at British Motor Corporation factory at Birmingham

Dr. Adenauer, the Chancellor, condemns anti-Jewish incidents in the Federal German Republic

Mr. Michael Hawthorn, the world champion racing motorist, is killed in a road accident near Guildford, Surrey

## Friday, January 23

Substantial increases are announced by the Government in the grants to be given to Covent Garden, the National Gallery, and other museums and art galleries

The South African Government's programme for the new session includes further Bills on race separation

State of emergency declared in Shetland after further heavy falls of snow

## Saturday, January 24

Delegates of the National Union of School-teachers decide to accept the offer of a five per cent. increase in pay

Thousands of coal miners demonstrate in Swansea against the closing of Welsh pits

Engineers are sent to Shetland to help to maintain the electricity supply

## Sunday, January 25

The first trade agreement is signed between British and East German firms

The Pope announces the calling of the first Oecumenical Council since 1870

Colonel Arif, former deputy Prime Minister of Iraq, is found guilty of treason

## Monday, January 26

Restrictive Practices Court rules that minimum price scheme operated by Yarn Spinners' Association is 'contrary to the public interest'

Italian Prime Minister, Signor Fanfani, resigns

Sir John Cockcroft accepts invitation to be first Master of Churchill College, Cambridge

## Tuesday, January 27

Mr. Khrushchev opens Twenty-first Congress of Soviet Communist Party. He describes in detail seven-year plan, under which Russian industrial production is to be doubled, 15,000,000 homes built, and main-line railways to be electrified

Duke of Edinburgh given civic reception in Delhi



The Duke of Edinburgh being welcomed at Delhi airport by Pandit Nehru on January 21. His Royal Highness is in India for two weeks on the first stage of a tour round the world



Members of the Burns Club of London, on January 26 after their presentation of the statue of the poet. Similar ceremonies took place in Glasgow and Edinburgh



Film cameras in Covent Garden Opera House: a photograph taken last Sunday during the filming of the first act of Frederick Ashton's *Ondine*, with Margot Fonteyn in the name part and Michael Somes as the Prince, to be included in the film *Royal Ballet*



The recent heavy snowfalls were followed by serious flooding in many parts of England. This is the water in the centre of Maidenhair Tarn, London





the statue of Robert Burns in Embankment wreath to mark the 200th anniversary of ere held in many parts of the world. (See



An important acquisition by the National Gallery: 'St. George and the Dragon' by the Italian Renaissance painter, Paolo Uccello (c. 1397-1475), which has been bought for £125,000. The Gallery has also purchased 'Portrait of a Man and a Woman' by the Fleming Jacob Jordaens (1593-1678). The two paintings are at present being cleaned and will not be on view for about three months



t by a thaw, high winds, and heavy rain, causing ph shows pedestrians using a raised footway over e, after the Thames had broken its banks



The figure of Abraham Lincoln in a panel of a stained-glass window made in the Whitefriars Studios for St. Thomas's Episcopal church in New York. Other figures in the window are Dr. Albert Schweitzer and Florence Nightingale



Inspecting the first completed section of the great tapestry, designed by Graham Sutherland for Coventry Cathedral, at the Aubusson mill at Felletin, France, where it is being woven



# Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

## A Prime Minister Remembers

Sir,—In Lord Attlee's television interview with Mr. Francis Williams (THE LISTENER, January 22), his answer to the question 'You don't think that you could have announced that you had the atom bomb, that you proposed to drop it on a town and give them notice to quit?' is: 'Well, we gave them notice to quit, but they didn't'

The two Archbishops, Canterbury and York, appointed a commission after the war to enquire into such matters. Their Report was published in 1948 as *The Church and the Atom*. On page forty-eight of it occurs the following footnote.

If report does not lie, the bombing (of Hiroshima and Nagasaki) was attended by a breach of the laws of war. There may have been objections to giving the Japanese specific warning of the coming use of atomic energy; but since the Allies had published lists containing the names of thirty-five cities that might expect attack from the air—lists that included neither Hiroshima nor Nagasaki—their attack on these two cities was not morally justified. They put out these lists ostensibly, and no doubt genuinely, in order to enable the inhabitants of the cities named to escape while there was time, and the provision of such an opportunity was in conformity with the laws of war and the dictates of humanity.

I have copied these words from my copy of the Report. I took a good deal of trouble to check the truth of the statement, because of the doubt suggested by the first five words. The official reply I got confirmed the report in effect. There seems little doubt that the Note is factual. Can Lord Attlee's 'We gave them notice to quit' refer to these warning leaflets giving the enemy notice to quit towns which were not going to be atom-bombed?—Yours, etc.,

Totnes H. W. HECKSTALL-SMITH

Sir,—In 'A Prime Minister Remembers', you quote Lord Attlee as saying to Mr. Francis Williams: 'If you arrange your time right, you manage to do a good deal. When I was Prime Minister, I read the whole of Gibbon—just in a weekend I was at Chequers'. My recollection of the programme is that Lord Attlee said: 'I read the whole of Gibbon at weekends at Chequers', which is a very different thing compared with the Marathon feat of reading the whole of Gibbon in a weekend.

But perhaps I am wrong. It may be that such is the strength and tenacity, intellectual and physical, required in present-day Prime Ministers, that they can take the whole of Gibbon in their stride at a weekend.—Yours, etc.,

Desart J. B. A. BOYLE

## The Making of Scientists

Sir,—Professor F. A. Vick's talk on the atmosphere of science teaching in sixth forms avoided the real problems. No one will dissent from his proposition that science is 'a creative adventure of the mind into the untravelled world', although some doubt may be felt about the precise meaning of 'creative' in this context. But it is disappointing to hear dredged up once

more the familiar comparison between the 'vision' of Tennyson or Shakespeare or Eliot with that of Galileo or Newton. Before the talk I would have laid odds that the offered 'objective correlatives' would have been music and the glories of a sunset—scientists' usual favourites: instead we had a Greek vase and the window arrangement of a Georgian house to illustrate their normal tectonic preoccupation. I am sure it would help many people, not only those concerned with sixth-form teaching, to hear what intelligently relevant humane and moral content is to be found in these creative adventures of science.

May I offer Professor Vick three quotations? The first is from Whitehead: '... There is no groove of abstractions which is adequate for the comprehension of human life'. The second is from Henry James: '... Life being all inclusion and confusion, and art being all discrimination and selection'. The third is from Arnold: '... Moral causes govern the standing and the falling of men and nations'.

Even if Professor Vick takes the chance of substituting 'science' for 'art' in the Jamesian formula he has a long way to go in the direction of clarifying his position's moral basis.

Yours, etc.,

Keele

T. G. MILLER

## The Moon and the Rockets

Sir,—Mr. Patrick Moore is to be complimented on his article dealing with the Moon (THE LISTENER, January 22). If I read him correctly he considers the observations by Kozirev, of transient emission bands of the carbon molecule in the spectrum of the central peak of the lunar crater Alphonsus, as evidence for the volcanic or plutonic hypothesis concerning the origin of the lunar craters.

Two recent communications to *Nature*, one from Professor Kopal and the other from J. H. Fremlin suggest that the evidence may well be satisfied:

- (a) by a gas discharge which was an accidental release of gas deposited there by cometary impact at a distant time in the past, and
- (b) the liberation of puffs of hot gas and dust such as the slow liberation of marsh gas which leads to occasional bursts of mud and gas from the bottom of a stagnant pond; the phenomenon being more analogous to boiling with bumping rather than to volcanic action as we know it on the earth's surface.

In conclusion I should point out that Professor Urey has shown fairly conclusively that the Moon was formed at low temperature and does not contain a molten interior.

Yours, etc.,

Greenford

FRANK W. COUSINS

Sir,—Mr. Moore's most interesting article on the Moon has intrigued me. There is one matter, however, that mystifies me. We are told the Moon possesses no vestige of an atmosphere. If this be so, I am at a loss to comprehend how dust-clouds claimed to have been seen by Kozirev and others could have rendered them-

selves visible without something akin to an atmosphere to support them before their deposition on to the lunar surface.

Surely such a phenomenon as that described cannot hover, even for a fraction of a second, without a medium to sustain it above ground. Granting the existence of Carbon<sub>2</sub> and Carbon<sub>3</sub>, this suggests that the Moon is not as 'dead' as Mr. Moore makes out.—Yours, etc.,

Porthleven

G. E. O. KNIGHT

## How Foreign Are You?

Sir,—In her letter in THE LISTENER of January 22 Mrs. Margaret Knight claims that 'the teaching of Jesus was not particularly universalistic', and suggests that 'the Christian Church took over the ideal of world brotherhood from humanist philosophies like stoicism'.

This is nonsense. The Old Testament, which was studied alike by Jesus and the first Christians, contains much universalism. There was no special need to learn from stoics.

*Isaiah* 2:2-4 and *Micah* 4:1-4 contain the famous passage, written several centuries before Christ, which states that 'all the nations shall flow' to 'the mountain of the house of the LORD,' Who 'shall judge between the nations'. Jeremiah (about 600 B.C.) says: 'To Thee shall the nations come from the ends of the earth (16:19). The Servant Songs of the *Book of Isaiah* (sixth century B.C.) declare how Israel is to be 'a light to the nations' (42:6). Her religion is for the whole world: 'Turn to me and be saved, all the ends of the earth!' (45:22) The *Book of Jonah* is a missionary tract pointing out God's 'steadfast love' (4:2) even for a wicked heathen city like Nineveh. All this is long before Cicero's time (*cf. Israel's Mission to the World* by Dr. H. H. Rowley, S.C.M. 1939).

The statement of Jesus: 'I was sent only to the lost sheep of the house of Israel' (*Matt.* 15:24), means no more than that in His short ministry (barely three years) He must necessarily concentrate on His own nation first. In clearing out the money-changers and pigeon-sellers from the Court of the Gentiles in the Temple, Jesus quotes *Isaiah* 56:7: 'My house shall be called a house of prayer for all the nations'. (*Mark* 11:17) He takes His stand for *Gentile* rights of worship. His visit to the Nazareth synagogue (*Luke* 4:16ff) shows Him making universalistic references to the widow of Zarephath, and Naaman the Syrian, both foreigners; the first was honoured by Elijah's residence, the second was healed of his leprosy. As Balmforth says: 'The reminder touches Jewish national pride at its most sensitive point, so that they seek to murder Him' (page 144 *Saint Luke*, Clarendon Bible). Clearly Jesus viewed His mission in universalistic terms, and risked His life in Nazareth to say so. Later, the Risen Christ tells His disciples to be His witnesses 'to the end of the earth'. (*Acts* 1:8).

In fine, the first Christians had an ample world outlook from the Old Testament, and the whole tone of the ministry and teaching of Jesus encouraged them to believe that they had a world mission. The Church, whose foundations were



aid by Jesus Himself (cf. *The Intention of Jesus* by John Bowman. S.C.M. 1945), produced a brotherhood which transcended divisions of class, race, and culture.—Yours, etc.,

Colchester

JOHN MOSS

Sir,—Mrs. Knight misinterprets the teaching and mission of Jesus in her letter published in THE LISTENER of January 22. It is true, as she points out, that He was sent first to lost sheep of Israel, but He taught quite plainly that the gospel of the kingdom must be preached in all the world (*Matt. xxiv. 14; Mark xiv. 9*), and that His disciples were to be His witnesses to the uttermost parts of the earth (*Acts i. 8*). There appears little evidence that philosophies like stoicism were responsible for this teaching rather than Jesus Himself. Nor did Christ's particular mission to the Jews prevent Him from helping non-Jews as occasion offered.

Christ repeated the command to love our neighbours from *Leviticus* (xix. 18). The originality of His teaching on love is found in its qualification '... even as I have loved you, that ye love one another'. (*John xiii. 34*). That is the point which needs studying. Neither Cicero nor Seneca come near this love.—Yours, etc.,

Durham

ALAN FAIRHURST

Sir,—It is odd that Mrs. Knight should refer us to what Christ said in connexion with the woman of Ganaan (*Matt. xv. 24*) without mentioning that he then acted otherwise. Is it not reasonable to infer that He, who was hailed as 'a light to lighten the Gentiles' and announced that there was to be one fold and one shepherd, was in this instance trying the woman's faith?

Yours, etc.,

Bangor

A. D. FITTON BROWN

[Many letters replying to Mrs. Knight have been received]

### Jehovah's Witnesses

Sir,—Commenting on my letter printed in THE LISTENER of January 8, your correspondent Mr. Herbert Palmer writes: 'He refers to the doctrine of Hell Fire and Eternal Punishment. But this doctrine (or partly) died out of traditional Christianity a long time ago. Even the Roman Catholics hardly held it, for their belief in Purgatory and prayers for the dead made eternal Hell unlikely except for the very few—those who had emphatically chosen Hell'.

Mr. Palmer proceeds, with the doubtful help of quotations from Boehme and Swedenborg, to indicate something of his own eschatological views. These apparently commit him to a denial of any doctrine of Hell as traditionally understood—that is as involving the eternal, enormous, and hopeless, suffering of the damned. Now I should of course be one of the last to challenge any claim that Mr. Palmer's personal position here is—like that of the Jehovah's Witnesses—morally superior to that of traditional Christianity. But what Mr. Palmer in fact claims is that this position of his 'today, in varying degrees, is the belief of most of the clergy of all Christian churches'.

Yet this is quite manifestly not true. For the Roman Catholic church, of which Mr. Palmer speaks so curiously in the past tense, remains on the world scale by far the largest Christian denomination; and is even in this country surely at least the fastest growing. So I refer Mr. Palmer to *The Teaching of the Catholic Church*, edited by Canon George D. Smith (2nd edition. Burns Oates, 1952). This carries both a *Nihil obstat* and an *Imprimatur*. In chapter XXXIII, 'Eternal Punishment', the Rev. Dr. J. P. Arendzen lays down the line clearly, thus:

If all that were ever written or painted or carved expressive of the tortures of hell could

be brought before us at a glance, it would certainly fall immeasurably short of the truth (page 1189).

He cites the last of the Canons against Origen (*Denzinger* §211):

If anyone says or thinks that the punishment of the demons and the wicked will not be eternal, that it will have an end, and that then shall take place a restoration (apokatastasis) of the demons and the wicked, let him be anathema (page 1199). Furthermore, though it is not given to men on earth to know which and how many of us are to be damned, it is equally foolish to indulge in the facile jest: 'I believe in eternal hell, eternally empty'. Such words make a mockery of Christ's words to the wicked on the day of judgement: 'Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, which was prepared for the devil and his angels from the beginning of the world' (page 1205).

Dr. Arendzen comments on all this—and surely insofar as this is a purely historical point he is right—that:

This Scriptural teaching has been continuously, unhesitatingly, and emphatically proclaimed by the Church throughout all ages. It would be difficult to find a Christian dogma which, historically speaking, is more undoubtedly an integral part of the Christian revelation than the eternity of punishment for the reprobate (page 1197).

Yours, etc.,

Keele

ANTONY FLEW

### My Dear Puss

Sir,—Mr. Donald Boyd's 'puss' welcomed the family home, waiting on the gatepost. Coming home, I cross a bridge over the railway line. No sooner used I to put foot on the bridge than my last 'puss'—a tabby she—would begin to call to me from the door-step, about seventy yards away.—Yours, etc.,

Dalkey

RICHARD MANSFIELD

## The Making of Scientists

(continued from page 196)

I said that everyone capable of playing a part in the affairs of the nation must have some understanding of the nature, scope, and limitations of science. But this is perhaps not the main reason for teaching science to non-scientists; it is, I feel, because without such teaching an arts man will be cut off from some of the most far-reaching and exciting creative activities of the mind. So we must give the arts sixth former enough glimpses of these regions to make him, too, feel excited, and then give him enough of the language and methods to enable him to read of the adventures, to appreciate what scientists are now seeking and, especially, to see how the aspects of truth determined by the scientists fit with aspects found by others. It is naturally more difficult for an arts specialist to do this than for a scientist to enter into the spirit of, for example, Shakespeare, T. S. Eliot, or Brahms.

This is not just because of the unfamiliarity of the language of science (including mathematics) but more because of the difficulty and abstractness of many of the concepts of science. Some of us at the University College of North Staffordshire, at Keele, have had the opportunity of devising courses in science at university level especially for arts students, and we know how rewarding it can be. We have seen the breaking

down of artificial barriers between arts and sciences, and have seen science take its place alongside music, literature, religion, politics, and philosophy, enthusiasms that students of different backgrounds can share.

There can thus be much common ground between the teaching of science to intending scientists and to non-scientists—ground that does not necessarily include the density of marble! Members of the first group must, of course, in addition be subjected to all the discipline and rigours of intensive study in preparation for professional competence. In addition to and not instead of! Members of both groups must learn by experience what it means to ask questions of Nature and to interpret the answers. They must learn how disagreements over interpretations are gradually resolved and a consensus of opinion reached in ways that know nothing of national, political, or religious boundaries. They must come to realize that a scientific theory is a living thing, growing and changing its shape, and that as it grows it becomes more comprehensive and coherent and that its beauty is enhanced as it gains in stature. They must appreciate that a true scientist must have integrity and humility if his search for truth is to be rewarded. They must understand the deliberate and self-

imposed limitations of a scientist's studies. A physicist, for example, deliberately abstracts from all the phenomena around him those that can be studied by his own methods. This means he is qualified to reveal only certain aspects of truth, and he must not be blamed if he refuses, as a physicist, to speak with authority about other aspects. Above all, our sixth former must become deeply conscious that science really is an imaginative adventure of the mind seeking some aspects of the truth in a world of mystery.

It is most encouraging to see in some universities and schools and in adult education a growing desire to re-orient the teaching of science, and a growing realization that there are not really two entirely different types of mind, scientific and not scientific. In this day and age there is hardly any educational movement that is of greater importance.

Every body continues in its state of rest or of uniform motion in a straight line unless it is caused by a force to change that state.

Let us help to provide a force that will overcome any inertia that is delaying our scientists and students of the arts from going forward together into the untravelled world.—*Third Programme*



# Wagner as Christian or Jungian Myth

Reflections after Bayreuth by MARTIN COOPER

UNTIL the disturbingly novel Bayreuth presentations divided the musical world into two camps it was possible to dismiss Wagner's works as a nineteenth-century experiment in a new type of opera; successful perhaps in themselves but without any permanent value except as opera. Wagner's own insistence on their being something more, and something different, could be regarded as a symptom of his megalomania, his philosophizing as a characteristically German form of self-advertisement. Wieland and Wolfgang Wagner have compelled us to reconsider the composer's apparently extravagant claims, and they have achieved this by doing conscious violence to his express wishes and removing his music-dramas from their late-nineteenth-century theatrical framework. Stripped of realistic details and comfortable stage upholstery *The Ring*, *Tristan*, and *Parsifal* begin to emerge, one feels, as Wagner himself, however vaguely, conceived them—not as merely individual dramas but as symbolical musical and dramatic poems about fundamental and general truths of human psychology and philosophy.

Wagner was surprisingly aware of his inability to understand completely the significance of his own work. In a letter to August Röckel he speaks of the artist 'standing in front of his own work as before an enigma about which he may fall into just the same errors as others'. The error, common in the past, against which Bayreuth now ensures the spectator is that of believing that Wagner used Teutonic myth and medieval legend simply as a vehicle for crude theories of German nationalism or erotic fantasies based simply on the ebb and flow of his own sexual potency. If Wagner's grandsons have done nothing else, they have established the universal validity and the spiritual significance of his work, which till recently has been ob-



Siegfried and Brunnhilde in a production of *Siegfried* at Bayreuth

scured behind a misleading theatrical façade.

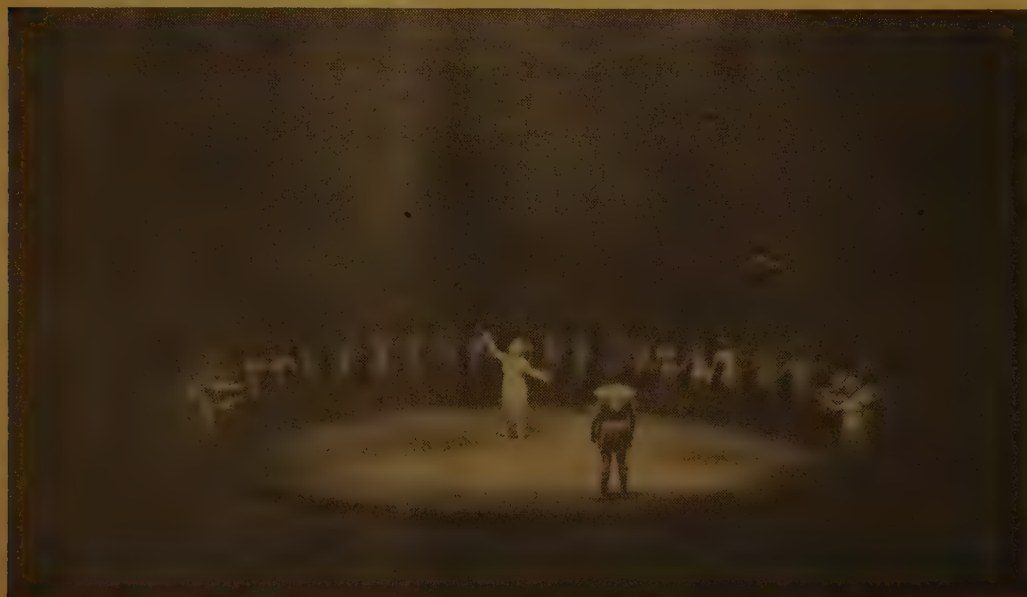
What in fact is the spiritual significance of Wagner's work, so easy to talk about and so hard to define? Can there be said to be any longer an 'official' Bayreuth 'interpretation', a Bayreuth orthodoxy? I think not; and it may well be that Wieland and Wolfgang Wagner, as men of the theatre, are content to present their grandfather's works with all the resources which modern German stagecraft puts at their disposal. They appear content to universalize and generalize their interpretation without committing themselves any further intellectually. Two essays published in this year's Bayreuth programmes—one on *The Ring* and the other on *Parsifal*—

suggest that a variety of approach is now encouraged where formerly there existed a strict dogmatic orthodoxy.

One of the essays, on *The Ring*, is by Dr. Yolanda Jacobi, who expounds the myth and Wagner's use of it in the light of Jung's theory of archetypes. Brunnhilde is the key-figure, the *anima* or feminine personality of Wotan, the spiritual mother as well as the beloved of Siegfried. Siegfried's short, triumphal career in which he vanquishes the opposition of Wotan and attains full manhood through his experience of woman is, according to Jung, the pattern of all sun-god myths; and the incest theme symbolizes a return, or turning inward, to the power already inherent in the self, the same process as that which lies at the root of artistic creation.

Siegfried stands between two opposing mother-images: the beneficent, spiritual maternity of Brunnhilde and the hostile, negative, step-motherly parody of maternity in Mime. The search for his mother leads him to Brunnhilde, in whom he finds mother, sister, and wife; and here the dialogue in the final act of *Siegfried* seems to indicate that this was in Wagner's mind. Siegfried's first reaction on discovering the identity of the sleeping Brunnhilde is to invoke his mother: 'Mother! Mother! Remember me!' he cries. 'Remember thy brave child! A woman lies sleeping . . . she has taught me fear'.

Jung—to do him justice—is perfectly clear that no work of art can be exhaustively explained by psychological methods or by merely identifying universal mythological patterns. He is content to point to the existence of unconscious psychological truth and to the presence of a universal mythological symbolism in *The Ring*; for he knows how insuperably difficult it is to give a strictly logical account of any heroic myth. No passage, as he says, can be given any single,



Scene in the magic garden in *Parsifal* at Bayreuth



exclusive meaning and all the characters are, in a sense (as Jung himself puts it, 'with a grain of salt') interchangeable. I found this at first an almost comically disappointing conclusion, until I asked myself how it is that no amount of ridicule, no underlining of its fantastic improbabilities can destroy *The Ring*. Siegfried may be in love with his step-aunt, who is also in some super-sensible way his mother—and yet this does not seriously trouble us in the theatre. Why not? Why indeed does the whole fantasmagoria of *The Ring* make sense on some other level than the conscious, logical, intellectual?

The answer, which seems to bear out Jung's theory, is that we have all experienced just this sensation of profound ambiguity, of psychological 'truth' revealed (as it were) in impossible illogical sequences of events in which characters change their roles and even have double identities. Where? In dreams, of course. It is the deep layers of dreams on which Wagner drew for *The Ring*; and the Bayreuth productions emphasize this dream, or nightmare, quality by omitting as far as possible all references to everyday reality and presenting this dream-drama in a dream-light, with gauzes and curtains to filter and distort 'natural' effects and with stylized, exaggerated dress (though these are one of the least imaginative features) to depersonalize the characters.

I believe that Wagner might well have accepted Jung's views on artistic creation in general and *The Ring* in particular, and that he might have recognized that the attraction which he felt towards these myths and legends was founded on dream-experiences. But he would certainly have rejected, at least until the last years of his life, the explanation of his work suggested in the second of the two Bayreuth programme essays. This is called *The Blind Prophet* and is written by Anton Orel, with the imprimatur of the abbot provincial of the Austrian congregation of the Augustinian Canons of St. John Lateran. Wagner, we know, was willing to admit that he could not fully understand the nature of his own achievement; but if he was really, as Dr. Orel makes out, an unwitting Christian prophet, then his understanding of his work was not merely incomplete but mistaken.

This does not worry Dr. Orel. Nineteenth-century romanticism remains for him a nostalgia for the Church, even though it 'does not always lead to a happy home-coming'. In his view Wagner, in consciously rejecting Christianity and the Church, was rejecting the key to his own creation. Certainly the sense of mission, of being the instrument of a power that he did not understand, was strong when he wrote in 1859 to Mathilde Wesendonck:

I let myself be guided without fear by my instinct. I am being used as the instrument for something higher than my own personality warrants. This knowledge is so native to me that I often hardly ask myself whether I will or do not will a thing. I am in the hands of the wonderful genius that I serve for my span of life and that intends me to complete what only I can achieve.

If Wagner's achievements were smaller, it would be easier to dismiss this certainty of being used by an unknown power as mere megalomaniac illusion. But even if we grant the superlative quality of Wagner's work, will it suffer a detailed, purely Christian interpretation like Dr. Orel's? And should it not be related to a still deeper plane,

one from which Christianity itself is only one of many emanations?

Dr. Orel goes a long way with Jung in his acceptance of the mythological, and perhaps even the psychological, significance of Wagner's work. On the Thomist principle that all supernatural truth is mediated to humanity through nature, he accepts the mythology and would probably not reject Jung's psychological explanation of *The Ring*. But for Dr. Orel, as for all Christians, the sun-myths and heroic legends of humanity's infancy are blind gropings towards a historical truth which was realized in Christ—who is thus the 'desire of all nations' as well as the Messiah foretold by the Jewish prophets. To Dr. Orel the true Siegfried is Christ; Wotan and the gods are the forces of humanism and naturalism; while the Niebelungs represent materialism, both capitalistic and communistic. The Gibichungs, who bring about Siegfried's death, are the ageless trinity of avarice, lust,



Richard Wagner (1813-1883)

and pride—and so we have a picture of *The Ring* as a kind of fourteenth-century morality play.

Dr. Orel, however, like Jung, insists on the existence of multiple meanings in this, as in every other myth. And so Siegfried, beside typifying Christ, is also the German nation, deflected from its true mission by the forces of naturalism and materialism. Wagner would have understood this; but he would surely have been astonished to read Dr. Orel's definition of Germany's mission which is none other than 'to be Parsifal'. At first blush this seems to be carrying multiplicity of meaning to the verge of meaninglessness. Is there in fact any real connexion between the figures of Siegfried and Parsifal, which to the ordinary Wagnerian appear antithetical? And was there any conscious connexion between them in the composer's own mind? If we examine these two figures, we may be surprised to find how much they have in common.

Both are orphans in search of their mothers and both bring about the collapse of a paternal, authoritarian world of whose rottenness they are hardly even aware. Both come to spiritual maturity through their knowledge of woman—

a woman in each case closely connected and in some way identified with their own mothers. It is in the nature of these women that we find the true difference between Siegfried and Parsifal. The love into which Brünnhilde initiates Siegfried is the supreme affirmation of life in this world. But what Parsifal learns in Kundry's arms is the reality of guilt and sin, and when he leaves her it is to set out on the ascetic search for redemption from outside this world. Parsifal is, in fact, a kind of baptized Siegfried, and it is the reign of Love that he inaugurates at Montsalvat, with its mother symbol of the Dove. That alone can succeed to the old world of Authority whose twilight and final extinction we witness in *Götterdämmerung*. The spear which trembles harmlessly over Parsifal's head in Klingsor's magic garden is in this sense the same spear that broke in Wotan's hand when he tried to bar Siegfried's path to Brünnhilde's magic mountain.

I do not think there is any evidence that Wagner himself regarded *Parsifal* as a fulfilment or explanation of *The Ring*; but that is really beside the point, if we remember his own admission of not fully understanding the nature of his own work. Dr. Orel does not suggest this, nor do the Bayreuth productions hint at any continuity of purpose. In fact the Bayreuth *Parsifal* has escaped from the old-fashioned 'Nazarene' presentation only to fall into a kind of fashionable 'griminess' for the Montsalvat scenes and an equally fashionable near-triviality for Klingsor's garden.

In Germany itself there is almost certainly more consciousness of a national affinity with Siegfried—however played out this theme may be to many—than aspiration towards the role of Parsifal. I cannot think either that East Germans, whatever they may be thinking, are likely to be imagining themselves in the role of Parsifal. All we can say for certain is that up to now the German race has shown singularly little consciousness of any destiny to inaugurate the realm of self-less, spiritual love. Racial destinies, however, are foolish intellectual toys, all too easily snatched out of the hands of philosophers by politicians; and we shall do best to see *Parsifal*, as well as *The Ring* as allegories of the individual rather than the race.

Whether we accept or reject either of the interpretations of Wagner's work elaborated in these two Bayreuth essays, we have to acknowledge that Wagner's significance is by no means exhausted. Indeed his attempt to understand the origins of man's emotional life and to renew the religious sense of existence are perhaps only now being understood and revealed. Whether or not the individual music-lover 'likes' Wagner's music is really irrelevant. Works of art of such richness and density of meaning, and showing such a perfect command of the medium, do not need to solicit an audience. In fact Wagner's instinct to act as the showman and promoter of his own works, even within the musical framework—something which has no parallel in any other music—easily repels the more fastidious. But then Wagner's works were only for a short time the preserve of the fastidious and the aesthetes who, as so often happens, missed their real significance, seeing the trees but missing the character of the wood in which they grew. Today these works are truly 'popular', the latest addition to the unquestioned grand-scale masterpieces.—*Third Programme*



# The Listener's Book Chronicle

**Havelock Ellis.** By Arthur Calder-Marshall. Hart-Davis. 30s.

**An Artist of Life: the Life and Work of Havelock Ellis.** By John Stewart Collis. Cassell. 25s.

Reviewed by Sir HERBERT READ

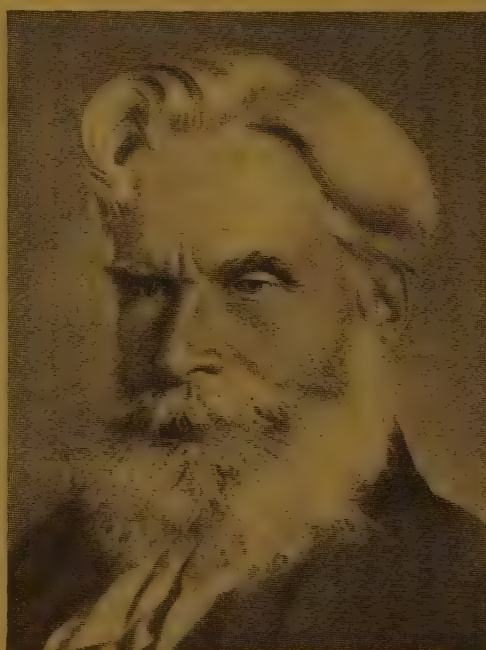
HAVELOCK ELLIS WAS BORN on the morning of February 2, 1859, after a wild stormy night. It was the year of the great comet and, as he preferred to remember, of the first publication of the *Origin of Species*. Two books are now published to celebrate the centenary of Ellis's birth, but before estimating their merits I would like to remind the reader that Ellis himself left the best memorial of his life, the autobiography that was published on March 4, 1940, and shortly afterwards reviewed in these columns by the present writer. *My Life* is a long book, and full of *longueurs*, but it is a very remarkable book, and though it will never rank, as Ellis hoped, with the *Confessions* of Augustine or Rousseau, much less with the *Memoirs* of Casanova, nevertheless it has no equal in English literature as the uninhibited revelation of the thoughts and aspirations, the passions and defects, of a man who can be called great simply because he had the singular desire to know himself, and to live and record a life of fearless integrity. To write the biography of such a man means inevitably that his own words must be incorporated, cut into pieces and rearranged in a mosaic not of his own design. It might have been more appropriate to celebrate his centenary by a new edition of *My Life*, duly annotated and enlarged where necessary; but perhaps such a volume would not have offered much advantage to the publisher.

Where the autobiography is most deficient is in any detailed description of the final friendship which, after the death in 1916 of his extraordinary and difficult wife, brought Ellis so much happiness and fulfilment; but here again we have Françoise Delisle's own record of the relationship, and here again the original document is the most authentic and poignant one.

What, in such circumstances, is the biographer to do? Mr. Calder-Marshall seems to have decided to stick to the records and to reconstruct the life in an objective and even a critical mood. He deliberately eschews literary criticism and concentrates on the personal drama, attempting, as he says, to redress the balances between the protagonists. But Ellis himself had an Olympian detachment and I cannot see that there is anything in his judgment of himself or of the women with whom he shared his life that is lacking in insight or sympathy. Indeed, the sympathy would seem to be lacking in Mr. Calder-Marshall, who writes as a professed Christian and obviously disapproves of the scientific humanism that was Ellis's patiently elaborated and consistently held philosophy. Moreover, by concentrating on the sexual aspects of Ellis's life and work, an unbalance more serious than any he redresses is created.

Ellis's *Studies in the Psychology of Sex* was a pioneering work; as Mr. Calder-Marshall points out, its recommendations for dealing with

the social and psychological problems of inversion and other forms of sexual deviation are virtually those which the Wolfenden Committee has proposed some sixty years after the publication of the first volume of the *Studies*. If in another forty years or so we are lucky enough to have those recommendations brought into effect, it will be due largely to the pioneering work of this 'artist of life'. But Ellis was much more than a 'sexologist'. As Sir Russell Brain once said (the reference is given by Mr. Collis) 'he was a new type of man, one of the first in our era to view sex without the emotion of guilt'. Mr. Calder-Marshall, though he pays adequate tribute to Ellis's many-sided nature,



Havelock Ellis in 1915, aged fifty-six  
From 'An Artist of Life'

does not seem to appreciate this unique quality in his subject, and is more concerned to explore his 'conspicuous weaknesses', which included, according to Mr. Calder-Marshall, a confusion between 'what was an idea and what was the truth'—the truth, presumably, being another name for the Faith.

Mr. Collis, in a far less professional book to be published on February 5, succeeds in correcting this particular balance—there is very little about sex in his account of Ellis. Instead there is perhaps rather too much about 'mystic experience', 'mysticism in its purest form', even 'the Vision'. But the great thing in writing a book, Mr. Collis tells us, is not to be dull, and he is not dull. He obviously has complete sympathy for Ellis and his ideas, and he gives us a rounded picture of the man, based inevitably on Ellis's own account, but splashed on with a verve which is presumably Irish. He has some irritating habits, such as calling Ellis 'H.E.' all the way through, and spelling Nietzsche's name incorrectly, but he succeeds in his modest aim, which, he says, is not to explain Havelock Ellis, but to present him. 'That is to say I present a tree. We have here a tree with a massive trunk

putting forth branches and leaves in every direction. I can show you the tree and label the branches and draw attention to some of the lovely leaves'. He gives us several neat aphoristic descriptions of his hero—'the genius of perspective', 'the genius of comprehension'—and an effective summary of the autobiography which might stand as an appropriate epitaph on this great man:

Here is a man who is *wearing no mask*. He is absolutely natural. He is concerned with the truth. With a kind of divine contempt he is indifferent to any charge of weakness or hardness, of modesty or immodesty, or anything else. There is no disguise here, nor deceit, nor humbug, nor hypocrisy, nor anything of the playboy. This is rather rare. He wore no mask; he put on no act; he created no legend; he encouraged no myth; he preached no religion; he raved not, neither did he rant. His reward is great. He has been spared by the sycophants of the saviours. He has never been the victim of doctrinaires. No one has borne false witness against his name. He has not been hailed in the market place as a prophet. And so, when he comes before us, nothing stands in our way: we can actually discern his features and hear his words.

**Call the Doctor: a Social History of Medical Men.** By E. S. Turner.

Michael Joseph. 21s.

To the social scientist, England is a perpetual delight. In almost every field of human behaviour, we can produce a full spectrum, from the wisest and best to the most foolish and vicious. Our combination of lazy tolerance with devoted individual service and a belief in pragmatism as a corrective for social evil makes our overcrowded island an ideal social laboratory. At some time or other someone has persuaded us to try almost everything, from flue brushes for cleaning the stomach, in Charles II's time, to long-distance mesmerism by rays reflected in a hand-mirror held sixty yards away at University College Hospital, only a hundred and twenty years ago. Given a little encouragement the English will pass the most extraordinary laws. The English love a controversy. One has only to put up an entirely sensible proposition for its exact opposite to find support from the most unexpected quarters.

Nowhere is this joy in controversy more vividly illustrated than in the social history of medicine. By highlighting the rows in which doctors over the centuries have managed to get themselves involved, Mr. Turner has succeeded in making his 'social history of medical men' a thoroughly entertaining exercise. This technique of history writing has its virtues and its limitations. Take prostitution for example. Unless one happens to have read the Report of the Royal Commission on Venereal Diseases (Cmd. 8189, H.M.S.O. 1916), one is unlikely to know that our mid-Victorian ancestors instituted a registration system for prostitutes in garrison towns, with compulsory medical examination. The scheme lasted for twenty-two years, from 1864 to 1886, and was the subject of a magnificent series of battles. The Presidents of the Royal Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons, backed by a large body of experts, sought to



extend the scheme to the whole country. The feminists, appalled at the official recognition of two standards of morality, descended in force on the Home Office. It was only when statistics showed that the increase in venereal diseases in garrison towns was marching in step with the rest of the country that the Contagious Diseases Acts were repealed. In fact, examination without the aid of the microscope and serological tests was bound to fail, and the absence of really effective remedies made the problem insuperable. Now that we know the physical causes and possess specific cures, the problem can at last be tackled as one of social psychiatry.

Mr. Turner has deliberately, though not completely, left out the history of the advancement of medicine, in favour of a series of detailed vignettes of medical behaviour at different times. The result is chatty, racy, vigorous, and amusing. But it is not serious social history. Thus the story of the defeat of venereal disease as a social phenomenon cannot be told without mention of the discovery of the spirochaete and the gonococcus, of novarsenobenzol and penicillin. The institution of free confidential treatment for venereal diseases, and incidentally the legal abolition of quackery in this field, following the 1916 Royal Commission Report, was a minor social revolution. It was the final end of the Pox Doctor quacks, of whom Mr. Turner has much to say; in their place, the honest, unexciting, underpaid V.D. specialists have waged a war which has been successful. Forty years later, we are reaping the benefit, in the absence of general paralysis of the insane from our mental hospitals and locomotor ataxia from our neurological departments. The trouble is that the disappearance of disease is, unless one takes the very long view, so often an undramatic phenomenon. It is the result of many years of long, sensible, dull struggle, by ordinary reasonable men and women. It is much more fun to hear Thomas Wakley of the *Lancet* describing the Royal College of Surgeons as 'a sink of infamy and corruption' and its council as 'benighted buzzards'.

Provided we do not take Mr. Turner too seriously, we can thoroughly enjoy the immense amount of material he has unearthed about the more brazen and cantankerous of our predecessors. It is no bad thing to slang the establishment from time to time, as a corrective to the complacency which besets worshipful bodies. And doctors have proved themselves first-class slangers. In the eighteenth century the doctors 'set a standard in venom hardly matched even by the Puritan pamphleteers'. In their 1911 bashing of Mr. Lloyd George the profession far excelled their efforts of 1948. Indeed, it seems that the worse the case, the more vicious has been the argument.

Yet if one reads Mr. Turner thoughtfully, it is surprising how often the main motivation for most medical reform is seen to come from within the profession itself. Slowly medicine has been putting its own house in order. But this is the dry, dull work in clinic, consulting-room, and committee, a poor comparison in entertainment with the psychopathy which grips all of us sometimes and some of us all the time. When he likes, Mr. Turner can make even these dry bones live. Here he is on Chadwick:

Happily, the 1832 cholera epidemic served as a springboard for Chadwick, the lawyer with the 'sanitary idea' which in due course bored his fellow citizens silly. He was a single-minded

browbeating fellow who made it clear he would not rest until he had cleaned up England; and England made it clear that, while it did not actively resent being cleaned up, it did not want to be cleaned up by Chadwick. . . .

Remorselessly, Chadwick bludgeoned the country with the statistics of its infamy. He showed that the annual hecatomb from typhus in England and Wales was double the Allies' losses at Waterloo; that more than half the children of the poor died, as against one-fifth of the children of the gentry; that there were parts of Manchester with one privy to 215 people.

Poor Chadwick was sacked at the age of fifty-four, lived to draw his pension for thirty-seven years, and was knighted only a year before his death—but not before he had altered industrial England beyond all recognition.

Another of Mr. Turner's specialities is his sidelights on the great: Cheselden in a muck sweat before a lithotomy; Liston after the first operation under ether: 'This Yankee dodge, gentlemen, beats mesmerism hollow'; Edward Jenner on his rounds, 'So your book is out at last', says a Gloucestershire cottager. 'Well, I can tell you there beant a copy sold in this town, nor shant be if I can help it'. Even ten years ago Gloucester was still a centre of the anti-vaccination movement, as I found when electioneering there. Mr. Turner catches us off duty in our less dignified moments with our trousers off. Provided nobody thinks this is the whole story, it does us no harm.

The truth is that medicine, and doctors, are, judged simply by results, better today than ever before in our history. Mankind does move forward, even if it is often by the Knight's move. Even allowing for radiation hazards, the future for the health of mankind has never been as hopeful. History can entertain us, instruct us and guide us on our way into the future. Mr. Turner does plenty of the first, some of the second, but none of the third. Nevertheless, he performs one priceless service. The besetting sin of the successful doctor is now, and always has been, pomposity. As a puncturer of medical humbug, Mr. Turner is first-rate.

TAYLOR

### International Literary Annual: Number One. Edited by John Wain. Calder. 25s.

This is to be a yearly publication, recording the deathless masterpieces of the day before they are forgotten. There is much talk of 'commitment'; articles on Mann, Baudelaire, Cary; on (of course) Angry Young Men; on (save the mark!) 'The Literary Year in France' and 'Italian Letters in 1957'. There are three dozen pages on American poetry of the 'fifties, with an average of one poet declared 'important', quoted, pigeon-holed and dismissed, per page. Absolutely contemporary, in a word: so contemporary in fact that one can see the thing positively dating as one holds it in one's hand.

The contributors are mostly young but not exclusively so—they include Messrs. A. Alvarez, Robert Conquest, Frank Kermode, Michael Hamburger; M. Alain Robbe-Grillet; Signor Mario Praz. The watchwords of the editor are 'responsibility' and 'seriousness'. The forewarned reader will do well to shudder, guessing with only too much justification that the 'seriousness' will usually turn out to be merely pomposity, and the 'responsibility' merely the

whistling of sterile criticism to keep up its spirits in the dark. Thus Mr. Alvarez, in his piece on English poetry of the 'fifties':

The Movement, for all its limitations and negatives, was immensely valuable. For at least it demanded that its poets should be able to do the elementary things: make sense and be technically adept. The standard of competence and the sense of responsibility in poetry are higher now than they were ten years ago. And that is something.

One might be tempted to reply, if not with complete truth at least with something much closer to it, 'No, it is not something. It is nothing. It is of no literary account whatever whether commonplace poetasters are competent and responsible or no. Anyway is not the coupling of "responsibility" with "poetry" enough to make the Muse weep? No doubt poets were more competent at "making sense" in 1680 than in 1670: but meanwhile Milton was dead'!

If most of these essays tend toward the ephemeral and the tame (Mr. Hamburger's and M. Robbe-Grillet's are among the exceptions), there is a smaller group—which includes none of the contributors here named—characterized chiefly by the extreme impercipient of conceit. Varying in their tone and content from the blandly instructional to downright gibberish, these 'critics' are blessedly unaware of how very little they know and of how very badly they write. The reader, however, is in no long doubt on the matter. Mr. Wain's seriousness and responsibility apparently did not extend to rapping these egregious black sheep over the knuckles. But then after all it did not even extend to proof-reading the paginating of the contents, every single item of which is erroneous.

HILARY CORKE

### American Murder Ballads and Their Stories. By Olive Woolley Burt. Oxford. 38s. 6d.

Apart from the famous murder jingle 'Lizzie Borden took an axe . . .', and perhaps the ballad which commemorates the life and death of Jesse James, the archetype of American outlaws ('Jesse James was a lad who killed many a man . . .'), it is unlikely that the material in Mrs. Burt's collection will be familiar to English readers. The entire period of American history is covered, and the whole area of the United States: with ballads about the rivalry of Indian and White Man; the massacres of the early Mormon settlers; the Ku Klux Klan; the Lindbergh kidnapping; the gang warfare of the Prohibition era; and private crimes like those of Belle Gunness, 'Lady Bluebeard' of Indiana, or Edward Stokes, which have been made known to the world through films and books.

Mrs. Burt prefaces each ballad with the story on which it is based and an account of how she came across it; in some cases she also supplies the music. In general, there is far more interesting than verse-expression; so that one is disappointed to find that ballads so varied in subject-matter and composed at such different periods of American history should be so monotonously similar in style and so lacking (with a few exceptions) in even the most primitive kind of poetry. The influence of hymns and Victorian drawing-room ballads is, not unnaturally, strong. Many of the pieces read like second-rate Poe or



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Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Only occasionally, in the 'Ballad of Hardin Town', does one come across something which is almost first-rate craftsmanship:

The rail-road soon spelled Hardin's doom,  
It died with none to mourn;  
Where Sodom and Gomorrah stood  
March silent fields of corn.

Mrs. Burt describes in her foreword how her interest in her subject was first aroused when, as a child, she would listen to a Scottish uncle singing ballads like 'Mary Hamilton'. In these American ballads there is little of that same marvellous simplicity, presumably because their anonymous authors had already suffered the disruption of the popular press.

But, poetic content apart, the psychological interest of the collection is immense. On its evidence we find that when a father kills his child is in a fit of rage or insanity; whereas a mother, like Lydia Sherman, is capable of deliberately planning the murder of her whole family. Again, if a jealous lover kills his rival, or the partner to a marriage kills the lover of the other, the crime is usually condoned and sometimes even applauded. In the case of the outlaw even if he is as squalidly unattractive a character as Billy the Kid—the minstrel's sympathy is also likely to be on the side of the murderer rather than his victim. One sure excuse to claim that the law 'done me wrong'; a bond that one has stood up for the law because the law will not stand up for itself; a third that he is a foe to the powerful but a friend of the downtrodden. One anonymous ballad-maker sums up the general attitude:

They shouldn't show favour to friend or to foe,  
To a beggar or prince at your door;  
The millionaire should pay for his crimes also—  
We should never go back on the poor.

FRANCIS KING

**Was a Savage. By Prince Modupe.**  
Museum Press. 21s.

Prince Modupe is a Sousou, a member of a matrilineal tribe which inhabits the jungle slopes of Mount Fouta Djallon in French Guinea; he was apparently born there in the last decade of the nineteenth century, before either colonizers or missionaries had moved in from the coast, and for the first twenty years or so of his life led the undisturbed, traditional, ritualized life of his tribe. He was the elder son of a (or the) chief's elder daughter, and so, apparently, in the line of succession for the chieftainship, and it is on these grounds that he has given himself the inappropriate title of 'Prince'.

It is slightly peculiar that the chieftainship could descend in the direct line grandfather-son, rather than through the grandfather-grandson, which is customary among the matrilineal tribes of the area; but neither the present author nor previous authorities give much information about the rules of Sousou inheritance.

When he was a 'young warrior', a black technician and a very odd brand of Protestant missionary (as well as trade goods, he distributed a keg of whisky!) visited his tribal village; Modupe wished to have the same knowledge as the catechumen, and the missionary arranged for him to be educated in Freetown, Sierra Leone. He seems to have taken to western education, and was fired with a desire to go to

Oxford. He returned to his tribe (where three rival brands of missionaries were now proselytizing competitively) for a short period in an attempt to collect sufficient ivory to pay for his schooling abroad, married a childhood sweetheart, lost her by drowning a few weeks later when returning from the successful collection of one pair of tusks, went down to the coast and, in the belief that his grandfather would try forcibly to stop him leaving the country, jumped an American boat and landed in the United States in 1922. He has apparently lived there ever since.

The most interesting part of this dramatic story are the earlier chapters which recount his life in the tradition-ridden, self-sufficient, age-grade society of the Sousou, his early education, his training in the 'bush' school ending in circumcision, his ordeal to become a hunter, his accession to the grade of young warrior. This early life is seen over-idealistically—nobody is ill (in a country infested with endemic disease), nobody is crippled, nobody is hungry; it is written (surely, professionally 'edited') in the vapid, oleaginous style of American magazines—'we are not a solitary people. Our strength is in our togetherness'—and there are far too few details for the book to be of much ethnographic use. Nevertheless, it does convey the feeling and the values of traditional tribal society in a manner which has rarely, if ever, been achieved so successfully.

Modupe was born in a caul, which was thought to foretell magical powers; and he gives some anecdotes of early clairvoyance. He does not seem however to have developed this gift. Perhaps because in his life-time he has made a technological jump which has taken us a thousand years and because he is an immigrant, no very strong personality emerges from his book; yet it can be recommended to any curious reader. Rosemary Grimble has contributed some stylized 'African-type' line drawings and Elspeth Huxley a short appreciative introduction.

GEOFFREY GORER

**Stalingrad. By Heinz Schröter.**

Michael Joseph. 25s.

Military historians often argue that the great increase in the speed and scope of warfare put an end to the decisive battle after Waterloo, that individual engagements ceased long ago to be crucial for the outcome of a war. This is probably an exaggeration. But if there are exceptions to the generalization Stalingrad is not one of them. When Hitler committed Germany to that battle, Germany was no longer capable of an offensive along the whole Russian front as she had been in 1941; she could not take Moscow and was bogged down before Leningrad. If she had won the battle instead of losing it she would still not have won even the war in Russia; and Germany would still have lost that war if she had lost the battle without incurring its unnecessary disastrous results—twenty-four divisions encircled, 250,000 men captured or destroyed.

It is only fair to say that Herr Schröter, unlike his publisher on the dust-jacket, does not claim to be dealing with a turning-point in world history or even in the second world war. He says little about the strategic context or significance of the battle beyond remarking that it was not a military necessity for Germany to commit herself to it to the extent that she did.

He is not much more concerned with the questions of responsibility and cause. Hitler's refusal to allow the 6th Army to withdraw or, later, to attempt a break-out; General Paulus's inability to disobey orders; the great scale and brilliance of the Russian counter-offensive—these and other causes of the disaster are brought out clearly enough, but no serious analysis is attempted, and vague phrases indicate that questions of guilt and causation are not strictly relevant to the author's approach. Stalingrad, if it was not decisive, was certainly a battle on a monumental scale, for Germany a massive tragedy, and for the men caught up in that tragedy a terrible experience. Herr Schröter's main purpose is to tell the story of it as a descriptive set-piece, from the German point of view, and with the experiences and recollections of one who was present himself as a war correspondent.

What he sets out to do he does very well. How the battle began, developed, and degenerated so soon into a hopeless but dogged struggle by an encircled army is clearly brought out, though the maps in the book are almost worthless. What problems arose, what existence was like, inside the pocket—the main subject of the book—these things are vividly recounted. We are left primarily with the impression that the problems were those which always arise in such conditions of extreme adversity and that men live and die in much the same way whenever they are caught up in them, with the same heroism and cowardice, the same spiritedness and jokes, the same resignation, terror and confusion. But we are gripped throughout by the fine writing and the authenticity, and by the author's success in telling the story not merely as the account of another lost battle but as an experience that illustrates this universal theme.

F. H. HINSLEY

**Gordon Pasha of the Sudan**

By Lt. Colonel the Hon. E. G. French.

MacLellan. 21s.

The dedication of this book to 'soldiers who have suffered injustice through the vindictiveness, arrogance, neglect or incompetence of the minions of bureaucracy' largely determines its character. It is scarcely more a biography than a spirited attack on Downing Street politicians and Whitehall warriors for their neglect of genius, insensibility to the 'man on the spot' and unworthy suspicions of all who do not conform to a set pattern, all who do not move (to use their jargon) 'along the usual channels'.

As far as Gordon was concerned there was probably no time when the War Office at least was more deserving of such criticism than in the years between his receiving his commission and his death, a period associated with the Duke of Cambridge as Commander-in-Chief. On the other hand what Colonel French makes insufficiently clear is that Gordon must have fallen foul of any kind of officialdom however enlightened. He thought too much for himself. Duty towards God and what he believed in any circumstances to be the will of God overrode all obligations towards his superiors, to whom his attitude was in consequence independent, unorthodox and even farouche. More important to him than the Queen's Regulations was the Holy Bible, more imperative his conscience than any departmental directive. On the other hand he was, without question, a first-class soldier—the finest type of the heroic Victorian man of action.



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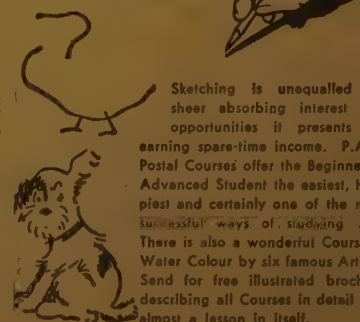
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—deeply religious yet of magnificent courage, indifferent to the sanctions implicit in promotion or ribbons and orders yet a surpassing leader of men.

To such a man official reaction was the cold shoulder. Its shibboleth *surtout pas de zèle* was to Gordon near blasphemy. In default of dynamic employment at home, service had to be taken under a variety of foreign flags, but always in the cause of suffering humanity. When at last Gladstone's government after much heart-searching invited Gordon to carry out the with-

drawal of Egyptian troops from the Sudan he was given a task for which his character and record should have shown him to have been quite unfitted.

Colonel French argues his case for Gordon with much liveliness and charm. Unfortunately he is not content with administering some well-merited castigations to bureaucracy, but returns to them repeatedly on the slightest pretext. The reader soon wearies of being continually reminded (amongst other matters) that the only acknowledgement of Gordon's services by his

country was the C.B. 'a decoration that is often bestowed on a reasonably capable regimental commander'. Moreover, to score his points the author is apt to emphasize certain aspects of Gordon's life to the exclusion of others. Nothing, for example, is said regarding those alleged frequent potations of brandy and soda about which Lytton Strachey made such play. Yet this question was effectively dealt with by Dr. Allen in his *Gordon and the Sudan*, a book unmentioned in the bibliography of nine titles.

W. BARING PEMBERTON

## Destruction or Domination?

Common Sense and Nuclear Warfare. By Bertrand Russell. Allen and Unwin. 7s. 6d.

DURING a long life Bertrand Russell has lent his distinguished name to a variety of causes. He was a pacifist in the first world war but not in the second. A few years ago he was in favour of the West's possession of the atom bomb. Now he is a passionate advocate of nuclear disarmament. To the charge of inconsistency he replies reasonably that sane men change their policies to suit changing circumstances. Thus it is entirely rational to consider some wars justified and others not. When only the United States possessed a nuclear bomb, the considerations were different from those which prevail now that both the Western and Communist blocs possess nuclear weapons.

In this new book, Lord Russell states his present position. He writes as always with absolute lucidity. Whether or not one agrees with his arguments, it is a pleasure to hear them stated so cogently and with none of the 'sentimental woolliness' which this sort of discussion is apt to induce. Indeed Lord Russell makes a special point of doing without sentimental woolliness. 'The aim of this book', he says, 'is to show possible means of achieving peace in ways which should be equally acceptable to Communist nations, to Nato nations, and to uncommitted nations. It is my hope that there is no word in the following pages suggesting a bias towards either side'.

The line of his argument is that continued tension and a series of crises will sooner or later produce war, that all wars are now likely to turn into nuclear wars, and that nuclear wars, being mutually destructive to the point of annihilation, cannot be sanely considered instruments of national policy.

Both sides in the East-West conflict should therefore treat nuclear weapons as they would an epidemic or some other common peril to mankind. Lord Russell says:

Let us take an illustration. Suppose that a sudden outbreak of rabies occurred among the dogs of Berlin. Does anyone doubt that Eastern and Western authorities in that city would instantly combine to find measures of extirpating the mad dogs? I do not think that either side would argue: 'Let us let the dogs loose in the hope that they will bite more of our enemies than of our friends; or, if they are not to be let completely loose, let them be muzzled with easily detachable muzzles and paraded on leashes through the streets so that, if at any moment the "enemy" should let loose its mad dogs, instant retaliation would follow'. Would the authorities of East or West Berlin argue that 'the other side' could not be

trusted to kill its mad dogs and that, therefore, 'our side' must keep up the supply as a deterrent?

This question having, in his opinion, answered itself, Lord Russell goes on to stress that the danger will become greater as more nations possess nuclear weapons, and then he suggests practical means of dealing with the problem. He considers bluntly that a nuclear war would mean the end of mankind or at any rate of civilized mankind: he berates the leaders of East and West for refusing to face this fact. The view that the end of mankind might be preferable to domination by an odious system whether capitalist or communist he dismisses as fanatical and wicked. He would prefer surrender to annihilation but admits that he is unlikely to persuade either side to disarm unilaterally.

Disarmament agreements he truly says cannot be achieved without political agreements. His practical suggestions therefore are mainly concerned with lowering tension, formulating methods of East-West co-operation and generally fostering a new attitude made necessary by the nuclear stalemate. He would like to see an overridingly powerful international police force but reckons that utopian. His real suggestions boil down to 'a solemn joint declaration by the United States and the U.S.S.R. to the effect that they will settle their differences otherwise than by war or the threat of war, and that, to implement this declaration, they should appoint a permanent joint body to seek measures tending towards peace and not altering the existing balance of power'.

This seems to me a rather naïve conclusion to come from such a portentous argument. The world has seen innumerable committees and heard innumerable joint declarations, and very few of them have made much difference to the course of things.

It is arguable that Lord Russell's intention of saying nothing which could suggest a bias towards either side is itself unprincipled. The world is divided by an ideological conflict which has deep moral roots. Is it justifiable, for instance, to recommend policies which would deliberately freeze the *status quo* in Eastern Europe, where so many innocent people are subjected to an utterly arbitrary tyranny?

Lord Russell is not much concerned with such matters, nor does he try to understand the motives which really sway the politicians on either side—whom he dismisses carelessly as militarists. He says that Communist China

should obviously be admitted to the United Nations and 'as regards Formosa, the best that Chiang Kai-shek's friends can reasonably hope is that he should conclude an agreement with Communist China leaving him in possession of Formosa for his lifetime on condition that, at his death, it should be joined to the mainland'. What the Formosans or the thousands of refugees from Communist China might think of this apparently disturbs Lord Russell not at all.

Or again, speaking contemptuously of Mr. Dulles, he says: 'The policy of "brinkmanship" is adapted from a sport which, I am told, is practised by the sons of very rich Americans. This sport is called "Chicken"!'. He then goes on to describe that unpleasant game. This is simply not true. Mr. Dulles's policies are not adapted from the game of 'Chicken' and the comparison is a purely emotive one, intended only to create an irrational dislike in our minds. This sort of argument seems to me unworthy of Lord Russell.

More reputable but hardly more valid is his suggestion that 'the authorities on both sides'—that is the Russians and the Americans—'should revert to the official courtesy which used to be observed between Governments, and should abstain from publicly imputing tortuous motives to all moves that appear *prima facie* to be conciliatory'. Lord Russell seems unaware that the peculiar nature of Communist morality puts international relations on quite a different basis from any which existed before, even between hostile countries. Nor does he seem aware that there are other methods of waging war and changing the balance of power besides the overt movement of armies.

This book clearly exposes both the strength and the weakness of the anti-nuclear case. Its appeal is immediate and obvious: all sane men must passionately hope that there will never be a nuclear war. Its weakness is a failure to come to grips with the political situation as it is. The real question, Lord Russell suggests, is whether the extermination of the human race is not a greater evil than any risk involved in the abandonment of nuclear weapons. But that is not the real question: if it were, most people would agree with him. The real question is whether we ought not to accept the risk of destruction rather than the probability of domination by a system we hold to be profoundly evil.

ANTHONY LEJEUNE  
[European Services]



# CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

## DOCUMENTARY

### Tough Assignments

'YOU'RE THE TOUCHIEST LOT I ever met', said Stephen Grenfell cheerfully. He was talking to some dockers: not in the safety of Lime Grove but on their own ground, on a wharf somewhere between London Bridge and the Tower, in 'A Slice of Life' (January 20). I for one would like more, and longer, outside broadcasts like this one from the London Docks. No doubt such things are expensive and technically difficult. But that should not deter the B.B.C. from carrying on. At present, television is heavily weighted in favour of filmed and studio programmes, as soft and obligingly predictable as one's own arm-chair. But only cameras on location can give one the toughness and confusion of life itself, going on at the moment one sees it, not in some comfortable shock-proof studio but in the real world.

One has to admit that Tuesday's programme was a bit ragged. To start with, it was raining. You can hardly blame the B.B.C. for that, but it did mean that not much actual loading and unloading was being done (it's the cargoes, not the dockers, that dislike getting wet). Somehow, though, it wasn't quite the same thing being shown a series of 'stills' of work going on a few days earlier, with commentators Grenfell and Pantlin pointing and roaring with laughter and making remarks like 'Remember that one?' One felt rather out of things, like a guest arriving hopelessly late and being greeted with 'You should have been here yesterday'. Messrs Grenfell and Pantlin, of course, *had* been there yesterday: they and their technicians had in fact spent a week or so in dockland in preparation for the programme, and had obviously taken a good deal of trouble making contacts and getting information. But they had far too little time in which to use their material.

All the bustle and switching about certainly underlined the sense of actuality; but much of it would have been unnecessary if the allotted time had not been so short. As it was, one got the impression that the compilers of the programme got far more out of their visit than

they were able to share with us. Just as we were getting the atmosphere, it was time to go home. But there was some good photography; some breezy interchanges on management-versus-labour disputes; and a conclusion in which there was no punch-pulling: London docks, it seems, have been losing ships to other ports because of out-dated equipment, high costs, and a bad strike-record.

We got another tough slice of life the previous evening: a film, enterprisingly and unexpectedly put on at the last minute, of N.B.C.'s 'Meet the Press', in which the guest—if that is the right word—was Mr. Mikoyan. American pressmen have a formidable reputation, and this was a contest with the gloves off. It made the B.B.C.'s 'Press Conference' look as soft and unreal as a panel-game. The interpreter slowed down the tempo but not the interest; one just had more time to study



A group of dockers in 'A Slice of Life', a documentary programme about the Pool of London on January 20.

John C.



Mr. Anastas Mikoyan, with his interpreter, being interviewed by American journalists in 'Meet the Press', a film of which was shown on January 19.

Mr. Mikoyan's clever old face while waiting for him to dodge, parry, and hit back. Once or twice he raised a laugh, a spontaneous tribute not to the truth of what he said but to his skill in the ring. It was perhaps symbolic of the whole cold-

war situation that there was no time for Mr. Mikoyan to answer the last question, which was: 'As we mean different things by the words we use, how is it possible for us to reach meaningful agreement?' It would make a nice competition in dialectic to suggest the answer that might have been given. What impressed me about this hour-long heavyweight contest was that the questioners subordinated their personalities to their questions, really knew their stuff, kept off trivia, didn't waste time, and paid their subject the compliment of talking straight.

The Simenon interview in 'Monitor' was evidently intended to be a work of art rather than a slice of life. The Edgar Wallace of our day (how Wallace would have adored television) lent himself easily enough to Huw Wheldon's slightly breathless enthu-

siasm and the producer's glossy-magazine style presentation: the details of the domestic arrangements, the fashionable psychological touches, the arty tour of the village were effective enough as high-class literary gossip. My favourite bit was where M. Simenon, from a high ladder, handed down to a bravely smiling Mr. Wheldon copies of some of his early dime-novels, their Charing Cross Road titles clearly legible but luckily in French.

The B.B.C. should have been satisfied with Field-Marshal Montgomery's highly successful series without adding that extra programme last Friday. What was intended as an epilogue turned out to be an awkward anti-climax. The Field-Marshal had already said more or less all he had to say, and although he was at home, did not seem so. His two questioners were not at their ease either and the whole thing somehow struck a false and embarrassing note and provided an uncomfortable example of what happens when you refuse to let well alone.

K. W. GRANSDEN

## DRAMA

### Shepherd's Bus

ON SUNDAY A SERIES of four plays by Lynn Foster under the general title of *The Exiles* was given its start. We are to follow the life of a family whose founder, Jack Selway, left Bradford for Sydney and Sydney for the wilds in 1877. He married in haste, did not repent at leisure, and proved himself as dexterous a handyman as ever Britain produced. True, he had been trained in sheep-farming on the Yorkshire fells, so he brought some experience as well as toughness with him to shepherding in the Australian bush. And none tougher than Polly, his Irish Australian wife.

Within a few months he had built a home and founded a farm in a wilderness. The house that Jack built was more of a 'dumpy' than a domicile, but Polly underwent childbirth successfully and the Selway family was established in rising prosperity, with the weather assisting. Jack proved himself to be a veritable Jack-of-all-trades on the Robinson Crusoe level in his ability to make a home out of nothing. He also made



Georges Simenon, the French writer, in his study, as seen in 'Monitor' on January 18.



profit out of his virgin soil. Further, he triumphantly defied a brace of Sydney scoundrels who were working a racket in sales of land. Was Jack Selway not a trifle too good to be true? Possibly, but the Selway saga had been well enough begun to make one ready to 'read on from here'—or rather look in next Sunday.

Lynn Foster started with one big advantage. Family serials were never more in fashion, and here we were getting what the Whiteoaks have done for Canada, and the Archers, Groves, and Starrs have done for rural and urban England. The necessary feature seems to be simplicity: there is no need for ingenious psychological twists.

Selway is a splendid fellow and his Polly is a splendid wife. Brian Peck and Wendy Hutchinson carried this excellence without letting the story turn mawkish. They had fine assistance from Jerold Wells as a misanthropic casual labourer who ceased to loathe human company when he fell in with them, and put them wise to the designs of Sydney financiers and the ways of the bush.

Gerard Glaister's production was carefully and appropriately simple; there was no reliance on ingenuity of camera-work. The first episode had 'The Bird Laughed' for its caption, referring both to the comment of the kookaburra in the trees and to the way in which Selway proved himself to be a downy bird in coping with the Sydney crook. In that role James Hayter mingled immense benignity of look with no less immense malignity of purpose.

Nesta Pain's 'Result of an Accident' (January 22), a law-court half-hour, was likely to interest motorists in danger of damages and students of the maladies now called psychosomatic. Jim Clegg, a van-driver, had been badly injured on the road through no fault of his own: he became very lame, had turns of dizziness, and suffered from a clouded mind. But he could show no fractures or physical hurt: his was a case of hysteria. When he sued for compensation, the defendant, well represented by Mark Dignam as a rather oily and unpleasant Q.C., could jest at wounds in one who had no scars and urge that Clegg was playing up his mental injuries in order to pull down the money. There was an eminent doctor in support of this view, but Clegg won.

Nesta Pain collected and directed an excellent cast and it was a most happy thought to put Ernest Thesiger in the seat of judgment. The gentle concern for justice mingled with a wry wit and a slight testiness of temper were admirable entertainment.

*A Quiet Man* (January 20) translated from the Welsh of John Gwilym Jones by Elwyn

Thomas and produced by Emyr Humphreys, started with the soothing lilt of Welsh-spoken English on its side. To take a George Eliot title, there were 'Scenes of Clerical Life', but the very old Minister was a wander-witted granddad, a sad bore to his family and to me also. The young had their anti-clerical moments and their sexual frustrations. We spent a rather tangled hour in a home full of tensions. The central sufferer was Megan, wife of a soldier who had come back badly crippled from the Korean War and was incapable of parenthood. Megan had already had a deeply felt affair with his younger brother so that she carried as heavy a load of guilt as any character of Graham Greene's.

It ended with the Christian virtues in the ascendant. The play was given some beauty as well as veracity by the performance of Sian Phillips. This young actress is not only photogenic; she can transmit strong feeling with the slightest facial movement, and she made Megan's plight the more poignant because she seemed to have thought herself so authentically into the core of this unquiet spirit.

IVOR BROWN

#### Sound Broadcasting

### DRAMA

#### Zoos, Coral and Follies

MR. GILES COOPER'S SKILL is such that one is apt to take it for granted. Most of his work has been entirely original, and the unusual nature of his plots makes one fail to appreciate fully his handling of dialogue and situation. His adaptation of Mr. David Garnett's *A Man in the Zoo* in which the plot and the idea were not

his own revealed his deft hand. The man in the zoo is John Cromartie (Mr. Aubrey Woods) who takes his fiancée's jibes too seriously. She calls him a baboon, and he thereupon approaches the Regent's Park Zoo authorities and asks them to put him on show in the Monkey House as a man. After a spell in a cage, his fiancée (Miss Susan Westerby) is humbled and he escapes the terms of his contract when she announces to the horrified curator (Mr. Denys Blakelock) that she intends to live as the mate of the exhibit Man.

Mr. Garnett's story could have come across



'Result of an Accident', on January 22, a scene in the High Court of Justice: standing, left foreground, Richard Hurndall as Hugh Fernie, Q.C.; standing, at back, George McGrath as the usher; in the witness box, Ralph Michael as Jim Clegg, the plaintiff, and (on the extreme right) Ernest Thesiger as Mr. Justice Finston

as a piece of ridiculous nonsense but Mr. Cooper and Mr. Robin Midgley, who produced it, made it witty and telling. The small parts were particularly effective and they owed much of their effect to the nature of the dialogue they had to speak. The other animals in the Zoo were portrayed in a manner which shamed all those clever people who might have treated us to electronic animal sounds or tape recordings made on the spot. The sounds were extremely realistic and it was amazing to discover that they had all been made by Mr. Percy Edwards. Mr. Edwards, even more than Mr. Garnett, showed that Man is after all the master of the jungle.

Mr. Cooper was not the only playwright to increase his stature last week. Mr. Bruce Stewart, who seems to be enjoying a season, gave us a Conradian story from the Australasian seas. His blending of a 'whodunit' plot with suggestions of cosmic vengeance seems to be a formula particular to himself. It is a most effective one because the crime plot maintains suspense while the suggestion that the forces of nature are also involved allows the listener to indulge his imagination. In *Blood On The Coral Sea* a seaman who survives the wreck of a smuggling coaster pays a call on all those who witnessed the wreck. His interest in the wreck appears at first to be a mere obsession but it is gradually revealed that he wants to find out how little, rather than how much, people know. The wreck turns out to have been by design, and the seaman is in fact the captain who has 'killed' himself to avoid a prosecution. The revelation of his identity was made in a powerful scene which involved him (Mr. Arthur Young) and a Roman Catholic missionary (Mr. Brian O'Higgins). This scene may well be good in the hands of several actors but I felt that it was made exceptional by Mr. Young and Mr. O'Higgins. Mr. Young caught from the beginning the suggestion that his seaman was an alienated man and one who seemed to sense that justice would eventually catch up with him.

Since Shaw disliked the works of Sardou, so much frippery has flowed across the footlights that Sardou now seems to be not quite as bad as he was made out to be. The French stage has always been able to rely upon a body of actors who could turn meaningless tittle-tattle into something meaningful. *Poison For The King* is no less meaningful than many plays now running in both London and Paris. It is beset, in the manner of the nineteenth-century opera, with



Scene from 'A Quiet Man' on January 20, with (left to right) Alun Owen as Glyn, Richard Bebb as Robin (seated); Rachel Thomas as Mrs. Lewis, Meredith Edwards as Richard Gruffydd, and Sian Phillips as Megan



a series of plots which would make any writer of programme notes stand on his head. At the same time there are passages which are quite witty and which were made entertaining by the skilled cast, who presented the play under the direction of Mr. Wilfrid Grantham.

Their efforts were matched by the cast of *Nina*, by M. André Roussin, of whom Shaw would no doubt have said that he was a disciple of Sardou. *Nina* is amusing and would fill a bored evening in almost any theatre. But it remains trivial and occupies itself entirely with the French eternal triangle of husband cuckold, bored lover, and mistress wife. It is a play that earns the title of 'good theatre' from those who like to rattle chocolate boxes. Mr. Val Gielgud produced it tensely and smoothly but not even he could make it into more than one more éclair.

Mr. John Beckett and Mr. Patrick Magee may be two of Mr. Samuel Beckett's most faithful supporters. While not wishing to argue here over the dramatic validity of Mr. Beckett's work I would suggest that their method of communicating *The Unnamable* was one that contravened the artist's first law. The work remained not only unnamable but incommunicable.

IAN RODGER

## THE SPOKEN WORD

### Litany and Lesson

WHAT PECULIAR CHARM is it that attaches, in poetry, to the elegy on a bird? It is there in the tradition 'Cock Robin', it reaches its consummation in 'The Phoenix and the Turtle' (which embalms half-conscious memories not only of Robin, but of a school conning—perhaps a learning by heart—of Ovid's elegy on a parrot). In fact, since English poetry began, birds have been a tutelary presence—whereas in French poetry they are mostly a convention or a symbol, like Mallarmé's swan, or Baudelaire's owl. In English, whatever else he may be, the bird is nearly always a reality and an individual.

None more so than John Skelton's Philip Sparrow, who has a 'book' to himself. It might be better described as a verse cantata, with choral obbligato, and as such it is so perfectly fitted to broadcasting that one wonders why it has never been given before. Last Friday's version (adapted by Philip Henderson and produced by Terence Tiller) began by touching off to perfection the lyrical-dramatic quality of the opening: the spoken voice of Mistress Jane, 'Who is there, who?', answered first by the floating voices of the convent choir, and then by Dame Margery, come to celebrate mass for Philip's soul. What followed brought out fully Skelton's strength, wit, and savour as a poet. Limited he may be, but is there a more individual voice in English? A free-coining Latinist who knew all his tropes, he can make a word veer irresistibly to fit his streams of rhyme, or inject a world of fresh meaning in a monosyllable like 'sad', or 'grey'.

Mr. Henderson's version trimmed the poet of some of his prevailing vices—his tendency to jabberwock (like Pound or Eliot, Skelton was a polylingual versifier) and his occasional reversion to medieval moralizing, and the piece emerged fresh, timeless, inconsequent and (very nearly) inexhaustible. Denise Bryer, Thea Wells, and Robert Marsden—as maid, prioress and poet—were all admirably in the spirit of the thing, except that the man's voice might have allowed itself a little more in the way of sly inflection. After all the whole poem is ultimately a hymn, by the middle-ageing poet, to the physical charms of Jane Scrope—as free, if not quite so frank as the 'Song of Solomon'.

This performance came off with such apparent ease, you might have thought the poetry itself was enough to make it inevitable. But the same

thing did not quite apply to the first of twelve readings of Shakespeare's sonnets (on January 18, in the Third) and I doubt if the author was to blame. 'Highly wrought' and 'artificial' are the conventional terms for some of these earlier sonnets; but some of the most highly wrought poetry in the language—Hopkins or Crashaw—is also the most intense in feeling. From the outset these sonnets are charged with a troublous, complex urgency, which the reader, Robert Harris, was far from conveying. Tone and pitch of voice were admirable in themselves, but became phlegmatic with repetition. And the set pause between sonnet and sonnet only produced an effect as if each were being turned off a rotoduplicator. They do, after all, admit of grouping together; in fact, some of them take up impatiently where a previous sonnet left off. A greater variety of pause, a few lute-notes here and there, might have helped.

But then a fearfulness of fancy-work seems to be the governing principle, at the moment, in the broadcasting of poetry. Dr. Donald Davie, in a talk in last week's *Comment*, did something to defend this. Basically he was against the actor's characteristic performance of a poem, and in favour of the quiet, thoughtful reading. All very well in the lecture-room, where points of meaning must be detached and explicated. But may not poetry-reading be to acting what *lieder-singing* is to opera? Every poem of value has a dramatic dimension, which the reader must try to fill, or the effect is inhibited. Instead of giving us a living poem, he is reading us a lesson, and the listener, however comfortably arm-chaired, may begin to squirm in his pew.

Discussion, this past week, has not been on its highest level. Last Friday in the Third, a group of scholars strove to arrive at the correct recipe for the making of classical Greece. But there was disagreement about the ingredients, and some of the most important were obviously not available for scholastic inspection. This was one of those debates that tend to hurtle off the main lines of their argument. A similar tendency was admirably curbed by the chairman, Percy Cudlipp, when a group of scientists discussed the possible nature of Britain's contribution to the space-race, in 'Matters of Moment' (Thursday, Home). Even so, I could not see much likelihood of a decision as to this being reached, if it were left, as was claimed, to scientists, and not politicians to make it. Scientists, in this country at least, don't have whips.

DAVID PAUL

## MUSIC

### Obsessions

THE TRIPLE BILL at Sadler's Wells, broadcast last week, afforded a great deal more in the way of interest than the basic element of entertainment. There was naturally the listener's enjoyment, a sense of close participation especially intense for those fortunate people who, having once seen Vaughan Williams's *Riders to the Sea*, Menotti's *The Telephone*, and Bartok's *Bluebeard's Castle*, were now presented with lively performances that they could build up in imagination into viable stage spectacles. And there were other aspects that invited attention, notably the absorbing interest of making one's way from point to point through such varied styles of expression as these, such striking differences in the subject-matter of each work, in the treatment of each as an operatic entity, in the character of the music accompanying these tense tales of a bereaved mother, a frustrated lover, an insatiable mistress. The three short works gave the impression of belonging to totally disparate worlds of experience. One was glad of the intervals between; though even then there was hardly time to come to terms with the work just heard before the next demanded attention.

However, if there was no apparent link from the one to the other in the music, there was a feeling that grew as the evening progressed, a sensation of something outside the actual music that seemed to bring the three works into focus. Different as the plots were, they had in common a characteristic element. Each turned out to be a study in obsession. There was Bartok's mother bound up in her personal sorrow, a gnawing grief, portrayed with stern simplicity in the bitter harmonies of Vaughan Williams's music, something so much a part of her life that it could never again exist, nor would seemingly wish to exist, without her moan. There was the woman in Bluebeard's chamber of horrors, prey to curiosity, and there was the girl with the telephone footlingly obsessed with the social round. Her silliness is so abysmal that to treat her situation, or that of her idiotic young man, as matter for serious consideration would be to miss the point of the little comedy and become equally silly. Menotti is too clever a craftsman to be so beguiled. He sees the minute episode as the froth it is; he supplies music to suit. One admires his sleight of hand without wanting to watch the trick more than twice.

How the other two composers solve their particular problems is a more obscure matter, and the two hearings that suffice to take us through the Menotti work and out the other side are not enough for them to declare their intentions, let alone give the measure of their success. For the Menotti a quick popularity such as, to judge by the applause, it has already gained; for the other two a slower acceptance, some profounder feeling that must come more gradually to fruition. Their work has to wait upon that kind of hard-won understanding which, in the nature of things, must take time.

The first necessity, of course, is expert performance. In that we were fortunate last week The Bartok was given with proper dramatic eloquence in the singing of David Ward and Victoria Elliott and in the playing of the Sadler's Wells Orchestra under Alexander Gibson. The Vaughan Williams was agreeably sung but here the orchestral texture was loose and often out at ends; three beats against two, surely no great hazard these days, defeating this ensemble.

After three stage works, within twenty-four hours three of chamber music; an enlivening experience, this concert of new music wherein each work had its own individuality. In each instance that individual quality of thought was strongly and completely expressed. One was left wondering: for instance, why Elizabeth Maconchy's *A Winter's Tale* (for soprano and string quartet), a refined, subtle performance by April Cantelo and the Amici Quartet) had lain unperformed for ten years. It is incredible that so attractive a work had not attracted performers until this fortunate occasion. It was preceded by a Piano Sonata by John White, of whom I may not speak, recalling as I do nothing of his heard previously. But of this one work I can at least say that it held me enthralled, that there was no note too many and therefore logic reigned very satisfactorily, and that I was sorry when it came to its doubtless conclusive end for there, I knew was a mind worth probing. That much became evident in Colin Kingsley's admirable performance. These first performances were heralded by a remarkable string quartet by Akin Euba broadcast for the first time here. It is a beautifully groomed piece of writing and might have been the product of twentieth-century Austria in its expert grafting of the moderately new on traditional stock. But the composer is Nigerian and here he presents us with an uncanny perceptiveness in the assimilation of a foreign culture; there is something rather frightening in the ease with which this gifted African moves amid the music of his adoption.

SCOTT GODDARD



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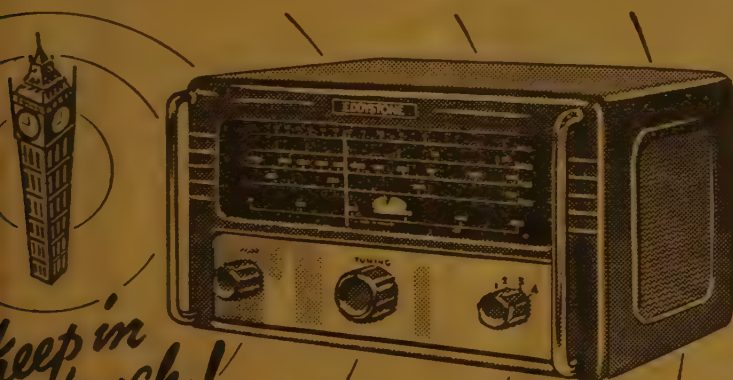


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# Music on B.B.C. Television

By PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

PEOPLE are most in need of love when in fact they are at their most unlovable. Conversely the effort to inspire love can be sadly self-defeating. The amount of charm oozed at us from the television screen which, so to say, falls by the wayside, even if it does not inspire actual distaste, seems, to put it mildly, a sad waste. And one is brought up against some unpalatable truths by the new insistence that music (which of all things can be loved for itself and without any fuss or demand for reciprocity) must be hitched on to a *personality*. The contention is that because it is demonstrable that Mr. A or Miss B or Sir XYZ are entertaining persons, crackling with enthusiasm, the musical sounds that they scare up for us will be received with delight even by those of us who otherwise begin to look embarrassed, suspicious, and finally angry when the names of Schubert or Beethoven are merely mentioned.

This is of course the disc jockey principle, and you may say that I should be the last person to disapprove of it. Further you may say that when I reiterate that I like Mr. Jaffa (Mr. Music) or Mr. Robinson (Uncle Music) that I protest too much. Myself, I feel with all sincerity that I *do* like these gentlemen and sometimes add waspishly under my breath 'and a good thing too', because otherwise I shouldn't enjoy any music on B.B.C. television very much. But there is an element of powder-in-jam therapy, of the Victorian nursery type, about all this which I do not entirely approve. For instance, is it not possible to have, say, Miss Joan Hammond singing to us, without also having Mr. Gilbert Harding, because both their names begin with the letter H and so they qualify to appear in some rather childish round-up of celebrities? I mean, without the least offence, that the type of pleasure each of these gifted persons provide is basically disparate. I feel this, too, about Uncle Robinson's splendidly lavish rag-bag 'Music for You'. Recently there was one which gave us snippets of four real top liners but all in such a way that one felt at the end vaguely condescended to. That is a most disobliging thing to write. But without someone saying it, I fear this kind of 'for the children' approach will harden into one of those dead-lock formulae which characterize too much of the B.B.C.'s excellent work.

Mr. Eric Robinson had on this occasion the world's best-balanced ballerina (I owe that information to something André Eglevsky told me). But was Mlle Tomanova really well used? We saw the *Rose Adagio* but it had no poetry; the dancers looked too tall for the spiky setting and, taken out of context, the bravura piece was a circus turn. Mr. Robinson also offered Sari Barabas and asked her if she had ever sung at Glyndebourne (for the Royal Philharmonic were accompanying her); tactless question, she hadn't; though she *has* given us a good Gilda at Covent Garden. She obliged, initially in the delicious hiccup polka, a cod of Old Vienna, with Richard Lewis 'doing a Tauber'. Later she sang the Queen of Night's aria, first *en décolletage*, secondly with stole unfurled, and gave the piece what in less exalted circles might be called 'the works', her *gruppetti* being (as airmen used to

say) 'bang on'. But then, to bring us down to earth with a bump, she must perforce follow up with a self-accompanied drawing-room piece of the utmost banality. All this and Joyce Grenfell too, doing her evergreen cod chorister. But the rich evening made a fragmentary effect.



Pablo Casals the great Spanish cellist: a film showing him at work was broadcast on January 1

The latest instalment in this hitching of the muse to a man is called 'Music and Sir Malcolm', and I must utterly decline to describe it in any way as an inflection. Sir Malcolm Sargent is a most entertaining person, with an enviable self confidence and an unfailing sense of occasion and showmanship. This was but the first of what is held out to be a series and should, I think, be kindly if critically regarded in the light of an experiment. He certainly carried off the evening, to most people's satisfaction I should judge and not least his own. I have some slight reservations however. Sir Malcolm alone before the cameras (as when he once memorably expounded *Messiah*) is one thing; Sir Malcolm *coram populo* is another. The invited audience, who neither quite knew whether to laugh at the witticisms or not, hung around rather gloomily scratching not indeed each other, which would have been deplorable, but themselves, which was bad enough.

I liked seeing Phyllis Sellick and Cyril Smith doing their three-handed duets and there was much in the programme to charm; or at any rate disarm. Perhaps too much of the latter. For instance, it was utterly disarming of Sir Malcolm to play us his youthful composition *A Windy Day*, which reminded me of my own vamps in the key of F in which sham Chaminade contended with old 'Rustle' Sind-

ing. But was it quite wise to preface this with a remark about Beethoven's aims in the *Pastorale Symphony* (*Mehr Empfindung als Mahlerei*)? Some names are best left uninvoked. It is, I know, very difficult to keep one's head in front of television lights; and you cannot hope to

please everyone equally. I may be wrong. One sour critic said of the first performance of *Tristan* in London that it proved at the very least that no human activity need lack admirers. Where is he now?

A Chinese pianist Fou Ts'ong charmed us in a recital, especially with his playing of Chopin's *Berceuse*. He needed to charm me, because I had the initial prejudice of thinking he must have been chosen not for his pianism but for the fact that the spectacle of a Chinese pianist would be thought more telegenic than that of, say, one with the cast of countenance common to Salford or Chislehurst. I was wrong about Ts'ong and enjoyed it all the more.

I would also cite as an example of the valuable interview-cum-recital the film of Casals made at his home, with the great old man playing Bach. This earned its place on any showing. But the best piece of televised music in the period under review was the Sunday concert from Manchester on January 4, when Antony Hopkins most deftly introduced a performance of Brahms's Double Concerto which, without frills or fancy work, the camera watched with the greatest intelligence and sensitivity.

Not to spill words over something novel, let me instance one particular shot in which we saw in profile and from left to right, the violoncellist André Navarra, the violinist Endre Wolf, the conductor George Hurst (with his baton clear white against the dark) and the leaders of some section of the Northern Orchestra; we saw them clearly and in action together: in a word, music made visible as such, just in the way it is 'audible' for those who can 'hear' music from the printed score. Paul Huband is to be congratulated on this simple but intelligent production. The soloists played beautifully.

Philomusica of London, a dignified consort directed by Thurston Dart and Granville Jones, discoursed seventeenth- and eighteenth-century music last Sunday in a happily planned programme, which Mr. Dart introduced with admirable directness and lucidity once he had got over a certain nervous, hectoring mannerism, with headshaking. This is what one tends to do on public platforms; to try to make the late arrival at the back stop fidgeting. It is out of place on television. What he had to say and his own playing of harpsichord and the sweet-toned little organ were most enjoyable.

The performance was rather restlessly viewed at times in Arthur Langford's production, but many of the 'takes' were highly entertaining as during the Handel concerto for lute (Desmond Dupré) and harp (Osian Ellis) where, for instance, we saw the former through the strings of the latter. Perhaps more could have been made of the trumpet soloist (Dennis Clift) in Purcell's sonata. But the whole forty-five minutes was a delightfully civilized interlude and well earned its time.



## Bridge Forum

# Answers to Listeners' Bridge Problems

By **TERENCE REESE** and **HAROLD FRANKLIN**

## Question 1

(from Mrs. J. P. Haugh, The Mall, Sligo, Ireland)

Please suggest a sequence of bids to arrive at a slam on the following hands which arose in a team-of-four match. Dealer, West.

WEST	EAST
♠ K J 5 2	♠ A
♥ A K 10 6 3	♥ Q 5
♦ 7	♦ A K Q 10 6 2
♣ A 4 2	♣ 8 7 6 3

## Answer by Terence Reese

A slam is not certain, you will note, in either diamonds or hearts. Diamonds is slightly better. I suggest this sequence:

WEST	EAST
1H	2D
2S	4D
5D	6D
No	

West's Five Diamonds may seem odd to some players, but he has already shown five hearts, inasmuch as he bid that suit and then reversed in spades. I regard Five Diamonds as more intelligent than Four Hearts, and it suits East well on this occasion.

## Question 2

(from Mrs. L. P. Robinson, Whinney Heys Road, Blackpool)

'When I was whirling on the wind',  
He said, 'I saw a light.  
I would have passed a darkened house  
But in the flowing night  
This lantern had a heart of sponge  
That sucked me from the tomb.  
It was the shining of her need  
That lit me to her room.

'She could have hung up garlic flowers  
And shut the window tight  
And rocked a child of flesh and blood  
Under a shaded light.  
Her beauty was resistible.  
For all her shining head  
It was the shining of her wish  
That lit me to her bed.

'Down in each safe harbour  
The moth-brown ships are pinned,  
So why must she put out to sea  
In all this wrecking wind?  
Why must she play the castaway  
Sprawled in an open boat?  
It was the shining of the waves  
That lit me to her throat.

At game all West dealt these hands:

WEST	EAST
♠ 6	♠ 7
♥ Q 6 4	♥ A K J 8 2
♦ K J 8 3	♦ A Q 10 6 5
♣ A K 10 9 2	♣ 8 4

What went wrong in the sequence below?

SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
—	1C	No	1H
1S	2C	2S	3D
No	5D	all pass	

## Answer by Harold Franklin

East was very timid here. West was certain to have top clubs and good diamonds, so the only possible loser was a spade. West, by the way, might have preferred Two Hearts on the second round; it would still be equally simple to reach the slam.

## Question 3

(from Mr. J. Anderson, Maori Road, Guildford, Surrey)

At game all partner opens One Club, the next player doubles, and you hold:

♠ K 10 9 5 4 2 ♥ Q 3 ♦ 8 4 ♣ K 10 7

What should you bid over the double? May I tell you that in a world championship match the player passed! Is that some modern fashion that has not so far penetrated to the 'other ranks'?

## Answer by Terence Reese

There has, for many years, been a school that passes on fair hands in this position. I do not pretend to understand the advantage. The hand is not good enough for a redouble and I would bid simply One Spade.

## Question 4

(from Mrs. L. Perkins, Tewit Well Road, Harrogate)

I held two very queer hands recently. One was:

♠ — ♥ K Q J 10 9 6 5 ♦ — ♣ A K Q J 10

How should I have bid as dealer, not vulnerable?

## Answer by Harold Franklin

There is a well-established way of tackling this sort of hand on which you want just a top honour in the trump suit. You open Six Hearts, and partner should realize that the *only* cards on which he can place a value are the Ace or King of trumps.

[Next week Harold Franklin and Terence Reese will consider the bidding of hands which are being discussed in Network Three and have been published in RADIO TIMES. They are willing to continue to receive queries from listeners and will deal with them in due course.]

# Three Poems

## Vampire

'When I was whirling on the wind',  
He said, 'I saw a light.  
I would have passed a darkened house  
But in the flowing night  
This lantern had a heart of sponge  
That sucked me from the tomb.  
It was the shining of her need  
That lit me to her room.

'She could have hung up garlic flowers  
And shut the window tight  
And rocked a child of flesh and blood  
Under a shaded light.  
Her beauty was resistible.  
For all her shining head  
It was the shining of her wish  
That lit me to her bed.

'Down in each safe harbour  
The moth-brown ships are pinned,  
So why must she put out to sea  
In all this wrecking wind?  
Why must she play the castaway  
Sprawled in an open boat?  
It was the shining of the waves  
That lit me to her throat.

'Her sisters gather in the room  
And loudly take her part.  
Her brothers seek a pointed stake  
To hammer through my heart.  
She suffers, as she meant to do,  
And as she knew she would.  
It was the shining of her pain  
That lit me to her blood'.

PATRICIA BEER

## The Beginners

How brave you are and all to learn,  
The book so long, the discipline  
So strict, the examiner so stern,  
And when you have learned the sun goes in.

How young you are and all to go,  
Uphill and down, the crooked and straight,  
All the weather and all the woe,  
The blowing darkness at the gate.

How good you are and that's the thing,  
That is the iron, that is the bone,  
The hammer will ring, the wind will sing,  
The world will end before it is gone.

HAL SUMMERS

## On Beacon Hill

Now as we lie beneath the sky,  
Prone and knotted, you and I,  
Visible at last we are  
To each nebula and star.

Here as we kiss, the bloodless moon  
Stirs to our rustling breath; Saturn  
Leans us a heavy-lidded glance  
And knows us for his revenants.

Arching, our bodies gather light  
From suns long lost to human sight,  
Our lips contain a dust of heat  
Drawn from the burnt-out infinite.

The speechless conflict of our hands  
Ruffles the red Mars' desert sands,  
While coupling in our doubled eyes  
Lucifer dishevelled lies.

Now as we hold the knots of love,  
Earth at our back and sky above,  
Visible at last we gather  
All that is, except each other.

LAURIE LEE





## You and your Hovis

IF YOU LIKE to eat well, the bread you prefer is probably Hovis, because you have discovered it has far more flavour and goodness than ordinary brown. But why has it?

**TALE OF THREE** It is really a matter of the flour, for flours differ considerably in their ingredients, and the quantities of them. There are virtually just three ingredients that can be juggled with—the three parts in the grain of wheat, from which flour is made.

**WHAT'S IN A GRAIN** One part is the bran (or outer husk) which may or may not suit you, the second is the starchy body of the grain (the kernel), and number three is the tiny wheatgerm, the heart of the grain, which is full of goodness out of all proportion to its size. From those ingredients, how are the recipes for different flours made up?

**BREAD SECRETS** To produce white loaves, all the starchy kernel is included, but none of the doubtful bran and none of the good wheatgerm. There are various recipes for brown bread flours, but usually only a part of the wheatgerm is used, and some of the bran, while wholemeal bread is made from the whole wheat grain, just as it is.

**THE HEART OF THE MATTER** When it comes to Hovis, the recipe shows one vital difference. Eight times *more* of the good wheatgerm—the heart of the wheat—goes into Hovis. But the bran is discarded and goes to feed animals, so that you get all the body of the grain (the kernel) plus eight times more of the wheatgerm.

It is the extra wheatgerm that gives you the extra flavour and goodness in your Hovis. So now you know . . .

**DON'T JUST SAY 'BROWN'—SAY**

**Hovis**  
THAT'S BETTER!



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[illegible]



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